

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXVI.—No. 657

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7th, 1909.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6½D.  
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER]



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THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

## CONTENTS.

Our Portrait Illustration: Lady Constance Butler ...	181, 182
The Increased Cost of Living ...	182
Country Notes ...	183
Hawk-catching in Holland. (Illustrated) ...	185
Tales of Country Life: Show Day ...	189
A Cambridgeshire Plum Orchard ...	190
Coming to the Point. (Illustrated) ...	191
Wild Country Life ...	193
The Five Gifts ...	194
Country Home: Hortham Park. (Illustrated) ...	196
In the Garden ...	204
Agriculture. (Illustrated) ...	205
Literature ...	208
On the Green. (Illustrated) ...	210
Correspondence ...	211

Medical Inspection of School-children; Earwigs in the House; Welsh Bird Names (Mr. G. S. Saurin); "The American Wonder Berry" (Mr. H. H. Tyler); Feeding Kinkajous (Mr. M. A. Sanders); More Lion Cubs (Mr. C. Russell Roberts); An Ingenious Suggestion (Mr. Theodore Huxthwaite); Use of Copper Sulphate; The Story of Snooker (A Fact) (Miss M. Hicks Beach); Weed-cutting on a Trout Stream; St. Swithin's Day; Shooting—On a Partridge Shoot (Mr. G. Douglas Newton).

### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

## THE INCREASED COST OF LIVING.

Nearly all social circles at the present moment the increased expenditure of these days is calling forth argument and comment. Everybody apparently tries to live more simply than used to be customary, and still expenses mount up in a manner that seems to be unavoidable. They begin with the simplest necessities of life. The generation that is coming of age now has had no experience of really dear times, and regards as normal prices which would have been deemed extremely cheap thirty or forty years ago. We remember in the nineties when farmers were heard to declare right and left that it would never pay again to devote English land to wheat, and now the very opposite opinion is generally expressed. Foodstuffs have begun to rise in value, and no one who is at all well informed on the subject imagines that they will ever fall again to the low prices at which they have been. The reasons for this are almost too obvious to need recapitulation. In every country not only are the number of consumers increasing, but the standard of living in the individual has been very greatly raised. The consumption, for example, in the United States is not only larger in its total, but larger in the individual case. Hence there is less to export; but even of the quantity exported more is taken up now by the countries which did not formerly eat breadstuffs to any great extent. The Japanese, the Chinese and even the Indians, who at one time were content to live upon a little rice, after contact with European civilisation are not now content unless they have wheat in one form or another. They are therefore becoming to a growing extent importing countries, and so wheat is no longer so cheap as to suggest that cattle could be profitably fed on it. Nothing else seems to come down in value. Beef, pork, chickens and all kinds of meat, with the exception of mutton, command higher prices. Hence it is that the bills of the baker and butcher continually swell in the householder's books.

Now is it possible to point to any direction in which his expenditure is falling? We hear occasionally of houses standing empty and being almost impossible to let; but whoever goes house-hunting is apt to think that those who have spoken so have been calling upon their imagination. There may be a certain number of undesirable

houses standing empty, but for those that have any attraction, especially in the neighbourhood of London, the demand is extremely great, and rents have certainly not fallen. Indeed, the working-man finds the hire of his cottage makes a serious inroad upon his income. And the middle-classes are in no better case. Probably most of them have a higher ideal of housing than their fathers and mothers had. At any rate, they live in dwellings for which an enhanced rent is demanded. Whatever their intentions were originally, they find out by experience that a larger house means increased expenditure. The item of service has become a much more important one than it was twenty or even ten years ago. To overcome the distaste of girls for domestic service it has become necessary to offer them much higher wages than they would have received a quarter of a century ago. The most ordinary general servant now requires a salary that would have been deemed sufficient by those who were highly trained not so very long ago. And the inventions that have been brought to bear on the comfort of the house may add to its convenience, but they certainly do not make for cheapness. Electric light, for example, is as great an advance on gas as gas was on wax candles, but we never knew of a householder who thought that his bills for lighting were lessened at the end of the year by means of it. When we come to luxuries the increase is still more marked. Many people have had it brought home to them since Mr. Lloyd-George's Budget was introduced. It has served as a good excuse for the tobacconist to raise the prices of his tobacco and cigars, for the wine merchant to increase his bill for wine and spirits, and even for the chemist and druggist to make an additional charge for his medicines. Only those who have inherited money can realise how embarrassing the payment of Death Duties may be. Just at Christmas, again, when the household bills are coming in and have to be met, he is compelled to pay an income tax which he would not feel half so much if it were spread over the year, or asked for at a time when other people were not clamouring to be paid.

Individually these charges may not appear to be very heavy, but accumulated they form a very great burden on the resources of, particularly, the middle-classes. They form, at any rate, a serious interference with the more refined pleasures in which professional workers seek recreation. There is an ancient and well-known story of a lady who was always in debt being compelled at length to economise, and she replied, "Then it will be necessary to do without rose-water in my bath!" The principle underlying, that of doing without luxuries, is accepted by many people as a right and proper one. We know that restaurants suffer very much from it. People who would formerly treat themselves and their guests to expensive wines now avoid doing so. It is the universal testimony of those who are engaged in the management of the best places of this kind of entertainment that, although the number of customers is not falling off, the expenditure of the individual is doing so in a very marked degree. Theatres are suffering in the same way and so are railway companies, where a passenger very often economises by taking a third-class ticket instead of the first-class he would have thought essential a few years ago. Open-air amusements have also become much more expensive. There was a time in our own memory when moderately good shooting and fishing could be had for a trifling sum; but to-day it involves a very considerable expenditure, especially if situated near a large town. Of course, the other side of this picture is that there are many more people who can afford to indulge in these luxuries than there were at the end of the last century, hence greater competition and its corollary, a greater price for sporting privileges. Nor can we be far wrong in saying that indulgence in such sports as golf, polo and so on involves a greater expenditure than it used to do. Of course, value is received for money. Clubs are rendered more commodious, and more efficient service is directed to the preparation for amusement. Yet even when the fullest admission is made that value for money is received there remains the fact that our pastimes, like everything else in this age, are costing us much more. One result is to curtail the purchasing power of a sovereign. Money shrinks in value as those things which it can purchase grow dearer.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Constance Butler. Lady Constance is the second daughter of the Marquess of Ormonde, K.P., who married in 1876 Lady Elizabeth Harriet Grosvenor, daughter of the first Duke of Westminster.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

# COUNTRY NOTES



NOTHING that occurred during the holidays had a more picturesque grandeur than the meeting of King Edward VII. and the Czar. It was an occasion on which the might and majesty of Great Britain were displayed to the fullest advantage, and the Czar seems to have been deeply impressed by the formidable array of battleships which he had the opportunity of seeing. No other country in the world could have produced so imposing a spectacle. Yet there was equal felicity and truth in that part of King Edward's speech in which these great fighting appliances were referred to as symbols of peace. There is no country in the world that has more to gain from peace than Great Britain, and the armaments which we are constantly enlarging are not meant for aggression in any part of the world. Their object is only to protect the immense commerce which has grown up under the fostering care of this country, and to provide against the possibility of attack. "Defence, not defiance" is a principle as well as a motto.

Perhaps it is not yet too late to offer Lord Wemyss our respectful congratulations on his having celebrated his ninety-second birthday. Lord Wemyss appears to have the secret of perpetual youth. Mr. Sargent's picture shown in the Academy this year must have been a revelation of vigorous old age to those who had not been previously familiar with the appearance of the noble Earl. He has been in Parliament, that is, in the Commons and the Lords, for three-score years and ten, and it is remarkable that he has one or two contemporaries almost as old as himself. Earl Nelson has been in the Upper Chamber since 1835, Lord Strathcona was born in 1820, and the Duke of Grafton in 1821. Our readers will, we are assured, join in wishing the Earl of Wemyss many happy returns of his birthday.

Mr. Haldane's statement in regard to aerial navigation will give general satisfaction throughout the country. After all, the War Office is concerned only with machinery that can be adapted to its practical requirements, and, interesting as the experiments in the navigation of the air have been, they have not yet developed a vessel that can be used with absolute certainty. The obvious policy of the War Office under these circumstances is to test every new invention brought to the front and to be ready to build at any moment, if building be thought desirable. This was the plan pursued with submarines. Great Britain was reproached with being behindhand in the production of this kind of vessel; but as soon as the ideas of the original inventor were reduced to a practicable form, a submarine fleet was constructed for this country which, at the present moment, is probably the best in the world. Mr. Haldane is following out a similar policy in regard to airships, and on the whole satisfaction will be felt. Now that a sum for aerial navigation finds a place in the Estimates it does not stand in danger of being neglected.

Amid the echoes roused by the feats that have been performed recently in aerial navigation, the still small voice of a correspondent has been heard plaintively enquiring how aerial traffic is to be regulated. There are various obvious inconveniences connected with the new pastime of flying. The man who loves privacy may at any time discover that faces are looking down upon him when he thought he was hidden away in

his walled garden. Moreover, these strange mechanical birds which we may expect in ever-increasing numbers to darken the air appear very often to be obliged to alight where they can. Should this happen to be on the roof of a conservatory or in the middle of a lawn, has the owner of such property any grievance? For other traffic we have allowed the roads to grow with our needs, instead of planning them beforehand, but is it not desirable at the very beginning to make a few simple regulations with regard to the navigation of the air? The question must soon arise as to who owns the little patch of sky that is above one's roof-tree and garden. If the ownership of land extends upwards, how far does it go? In other words, at what height may an aviator be permitted to pass over private grounds? Obviously, if he trailed too close to them he might do a considerable amount of damage, and the intrusion of privacy might occur at a slight elevation. These questions may appear almost trivial just now; but if aerial navigation is to attain the position prophesied for it, it would be well to deal with them before the subject grows too large.

During the August holidays those who were travelling in England had many opportunities of seeing the activity which is being imported into military training. No fewer than 30,000 Territorials were carried from London to Salisbury Plain, and it says much for the efficiency of the railway companies that this was done practically without a single hitch. The arrangements on the Plain itself reflected very great credit on those who were responsible for the organisation. Almost more interesting is the sight now growing very familiar of small boys, ranging as far as one can judge by appearance from ten to fourteen, to be seen even in small villages and little country towns in the picturesque dress of boy scouts. On the highway they are met with in twos and threes busily engaged, we may suppose, in carrying out the instructions for which Major-General Baden-Powell is mainly responsible. They look happy and interested, and certainly their method of spending a holiday on the highway and in the woodlands is better than that of lounging about the village streets.

## TO A CHILD EMBROIDERING.

Dear boy, since I have seen you bend  
Over your stitches and create  
Fair wreaths of flowers thus with patient hand  
Beyond the skill of babes, I often send  
A wish, a prayer that soon or late  
Your heart must understand:

For early now, please God, your skill  
Taking a deeper growth shall turn  
To inward beauty, so that we may see  
You make soul-garlands with as sweet a will  
As now these silken wreaths, and learn  
A Joy-Giver to be.

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

In Mr. Galsworthy's play "Strife" the end is that, after an infinite amount of suffering, loss and general exacerbation, the terms agreed to are just what were suggested before the conflict took place. We are reminded of this piece of fiction by the record of the facts in regard to the coal crisis. For weeks past the British householder has been living under a threat that at any time he might find himself deprived of fuel, or that the price of coal would be raised. Yet after much negotiation the settlement arrived at was exactly what Scottish coal masters and miners would have arrived at themselves without the assistance of the British Federation. We are all thankful that a contest between Capital and Labour has been averted at the present moment, but the incident reveals a danger that must continue to cause a great deal of anxiety. The confederation by which all the workers of one kind are united is a very powerful one which may be used either for good or for evil. If it were met, as it must sooner or later be met, by an equally strong combination of employers the result might be to bring about a state of things that would be calamitous in every way. Calamitous to the men who pay wages and to those who work for them—more calamitous still to the consumer. How to avert such a difference is one of the greatest problems that statesmen at the present time have to consider.

Philanthropy never took a more useful form than that of providing a home of recovery for those who have undergone surgical treatment in the hospitals. Everybody who has had the misfortune either to go through an operation or to have a friend operated upon knows how tedious and painful is the process of recovery. Sir Frederick Treves said some time ago that he receives countless letters saying "for heaven's sake do what you can to keep such a person in the hospital a week longer." In very few cases is it possible to comply with such requests, because no sooner is one patient out of danger than nine others



are ready to take his place. At home there are very seldom conveniences for the proper treatment of such patients. Mr. Ernest Frederick Schiff, therefore, has given his brother as fine a monument as could be desired by devoting £100,000 to the purchase and endowment of a home of recovery. The place said to be chosen is a large creeper-clad mansion known as Bevendean, Oxshott, Surrey. It stands in the midst of forty-four acres of woodland and lawn, and is fitted up with electric light, lifts and a laundry, so that it has many qualifications for the object to which it will henceforth be devoted. It has also the merit of being within seventeen miles of London, so that the motor ambulances used to transport patients from the hospitals will not have far to go.

In a contemporary the Duchess of Bedford is giving many interesting instances of longevity among her birds. In her possession is a Barbary dove which she has had for fifteen years. She received it from an old woman who had also possessed it for fifteen years, and she said it was an old bird when she got it. At present it does not seem to show any signs of age except that of becoming sterile. The example of the ordinary barnyard fowl confirms the last statement, as the pullets lay eggs freely while young and gradually drop off as they become old. A Chinese goose has been in the possession of the Bedford family for fifty-seven years, and Her Grace has a pintail drake which she bought twenty years ago as an adult bird. These are very interesting facts, bearing, as they do, on a question concerning which we know little. Wild animals have seldom been sufficiently long under observation for us to ascertain their normal life period, and they are subject to so many accidents by fell and flood that, in the majority of cases, their days must be curtailed greatly.

The only way to arrive at a conclusion on the subject is by collecting data in regard to the age of such as have been kept in confinement. The editor of the journal to which these notes are contributed is inclined to cast doubt on the longevity of birds, but confines himself to remarks on the average age. This, however, is a matter of little importance. In fish we know that there is immense production, that a single pike, for instance, will produce millions of eggs in a single season, and it would be safe to say that millions of pike fry are duly hatched out, but very few indeed come to maturity, so that if the age were averaged that average would be extremely small. Yet there are records to show that the pike lives for a very long time, even if we refuse to accept the tradition that one was caught after having been marked three centuries previously. It is enough for our purpose to know that in a park lake a pike has been known to live for a quarter of a century. Perhaps the investigations now being conducted by means of marked birds will in the course of time enable us to acquire more data in regard to the age to which wild birds may attain. At present it is puzzling enough to think how the species differ in this respect. "The many-wintered crow," for instance, would seem to have a very much longer span of years allotted to it than the bullfinch.

Already a consignment of this year's apples have been sold at Covent Garden, the price realised being from 10s. to 15s. per cwt. The supplies came chiefly from Kent and Worcestershire, and the apple that appears to have done best this year is the Keswick Codlin. This is lucky for the Irish growers, because the Keswick Codlin is a favourite tree with them. In Great Britain generally we imagine that the apple harvest is likely to be a good one, although the weather has been so patchy in character that it is not very safe to generalise about it. In the orchards known to the writer what has happened, generally speaking, is that the apple blossom escaped the late frost, the pear blossom perished by it, and the plum blossom suffered to a considerable degree but not so badly as the pear. Information reaches us, however, that in many orchards, and particularly in the West of England, a different set of conditions have prevailed and accordingly the crops are different. The well-informed observer who wrote "A Cambridgeshire Plum Orchard" says that the Victoria plums have failed altogether, while Rivers' Fillbasket has been extremely successful. This all accords with our own experience.

We notice that in the pages of a contemporary Mr. Beach Thomas has been reviewing the progress of French gardening. Mr. Beach Thomas is himself a very plain and pleasant writer on country subjects, but in this particular essay he seems to us to avoid definite facts. Such a general statement as that "the French gardener can quite easily raise from an acre space crops worth £600," is one that cannot be tested. Very few horticulturists would credit it. The objection to French gardening in England is that the work can be done very much more certainly by means of the greenhouse and the hot-house. In these the heat is practically under mechanical control, whereas in French gardening it is not so. Moreover, the outlay in the latter case is much greater than in the former.

At any rate, that is the opinion of the market gardeners of Evesham, and, to say the least of it, they have shown no alacrity in adopting the system practised round Paris. If the facts would stand it, the best way of convincing the incredulous would be to publish an accurate balance-sheet of a profitable French garden. Such a document would be most convincing, but the advocates of the system do not seem very ready to produce it.

Recently we commented on the small amount of honey which the bees had been able to make in this cold, wet summer. It is only just to admit that, though the quantity is small, the quality is generally very good. It has been noticed by others besides apiarists how greatly the conditions of the year have favoured the growth of clover, especially of the white-flowered kind. We see covered with this plant fields where it was hardly to be noticed last year. There is little doubt that the bees have taken advantage of this unusually rich banquet and that fine honey is its consequence. Their reaping of the heather is but just beginning, for none but the bell heather is fully out.

#### INTO THE SHADOWS.

I called her soul unto mine,  
Called it, and lay at ease,  
And the wind went wide from the brine,  
And the salt from the seas.  
But under that bannered sky  
Where night's and the day's hands meet,  
I knew the thrill of her cry,  
The beat of her feet.  
I called her soul unto mine  
Lying out there, alone;  
I felt her arms entwined,  
I heard her moan.  
For there on that lonely height,  
Where the dews of evening fall,  
I spoke far into the night,  
She heard my call.

HERBERT E. PALMER.

It does not add to the cheeriness of the British farmer to know that in a year when he is threatened with a disastrous harvest there is likely to be an immense ingathering both in the United States of America and Canada. In Nebraska it has been impossible to get sufficient men to do the work of harvest, even although townsmen have been bribed with an offer amounting in some cases to as much as 13s. a day. As a consequence recourse has been had to women, and vast numbers of them may now be seen at work on the wheatfields. They are not all of the labouring classes either, as among them are numbered quantities of school teachers, stenographers, college girls and factory hands. They are not likely to suffer from the experiment, as they are receiving excellent wages and also the benefit of a month's open-air life; but the overwhelming character of the harvest, both in Nebraska and Canada, is likely to have an effect on future wheat prices considerable.

Our contemporary the *Lancet*, which is always so vigilant in its look-out for possible dangers, has discovered a new peril in the luxurious travelling of this age. The writer assumes that those who use motors and other modern means of travel are giving up walking and leg exercise generally. We do not think this is the case. On the contrary, simultaneously with the popularisation of the motor-car there has been an increased zest for golf, shooting and fishing, and these are not spectacular pastimes like cricket or football. Very few men like to look on at golf in comparison with the multitudes who assemble to see an International game of football, or Australia v. England. A physician, commenting on our contemporary's article, gives a list of good and bad forms of exercise. The prosperous man of fifty he advises to walk, to ride, to play bowls and croquet; not to play tennis or cricket, nor to cycle, row, nor do mountain climbing.

Several matters of much interest to anglers were discussed at a recent meeting, under Lord Mayo's presidency, of the Salmon and Trout Association. One of the causes of injury to fishing interests which came up for debate is sure to be very difficult to deal with, namely, the injury inflicted by the washings into the rivers of the various fluids applied to roads in order to cure the dust nuisance caused by motors. We are afraid that the charge laid to the account of the black-headed gulls of the almost total destruction of young fish-life in some of the lakes which they frequent is only too well founded, though, on the other hand, we are in very cordial agreement with Mr. Willis-Bund, who opposed a proposal that the Hants County Council should be asked to exclude the sand-martins from the protection of the Wild Birds' Protection Act because of the numbers of aquatic flies which they destroyed. Mr. Willis-Bund's main point was that the data were not sufficient to justify the association in



adopting the resolution proposed, and it was consequently dropped. Before we take measures for withdrawing protection from the swallow tribe, which is certainly of good service to us in devouring a multitude of noxious insects, we should surely at least ascertain that the decrease of aquatic fly has been accompanied by an increase of the birds in question. At present we have not even evidence of the increase of the birds, still less that it is to be connected, as cause and effect, with the decrease of the fly.

Dr. Colman Parkes, speaking in the Hygiene and Public Health Section's meeting of the British Medical Association at Dublin, bore very strong testimony to the value of the open window in the small houses of the poorer population in towns as a means for making the domestic conditions more sanitary. He contrasted the conditions in regard to the purity of the air breathed by the people in big cities and in the country respectively, very much, as is only natural, in favour of the latter. It has to be realised, however, that the country poor have almost as strong an objection to the open window, especially at night, as any of the dwellers in towns. Dr. Parkes himself bore tribute to the excellent work done in this regard by the Women's Health Association, of which Lady Aberdeen is the president. He stated that in Ireland the policy of the open

window was being much more followed by the peasantry, with an appreciable advantage to their general health, and especially the reduction of illness of the tuberculous order. All who live in the country and have any influence, whether through example or precept, with their poorer neighbours, may do them very good service by the simple means of inducing them to open their windows more widely and more often.

Like many of the products of the earth which do not especially require the genial influence of sun and warmth, the bracken has in most places grown more luxuriantly than usual this year. In the Southern heath country both bracken and heather are used very largely as litter for cattle and also for farm-horses, which are not expected to look very smart in the coat. Both these forms of litter are rather more dusty than straw, but they are often a great deal cheaper, and may practically be had for the cutting and carrying in many places where they abound. It is curious that in a great part of the heather-clad districts of Scotland the farmers make no use at all of the heather as litter, preferring the costly straw. Yet they have the credit of being thrifty folk. A small farmer in the South will often litter his stock with heather and bracken and thatch his hayrick with rushes cut on the common or marsh land, so that he has no outlay on straw at all. It is a great saving.

## HAWK-CATCHING IN HOLLAND.—I.

THE antiquity of the business of hawk-catching in the Netherlands is sufficiently attested by the mere fact that the considerable village of Vaikenswaard was so named originally because there by far the greater number of the most valuable falcons were for centuries captured for purchasers, who sent long distances and gave long prices for those which were on sale by their captors. It may be argued that the "Falcon's Heath" was so called only because it was so largely frequented at certain times of year by migrating hawks of all kinds. But as many other places, not so named, were also visited by the same pilgrims of the air, it is far more easy to believe that the place derived its name from the business there carried on. In fact, the great probability is that the first houses built there were built to accommodate the host of envoys from various European capitals, who came there in spring and autumn to bargain for their purchases, and often waited for days, and even weeks, till the hawk they were in search of was caught. Many



ON THE "BOX CADGE"

would also do on the spot some of the early work in reclaiming the new-caught falcon, so that the transport of it could be undertaken with less risk of spoiling its temper or injuring its plumage. However this may be, it is certain that from long before the days of which we have any reliable records, certain families domiciled in the place kept up from father to son the custom of "setting up the huts" twice every year, at the migration seasons, with a view to entrapping by the elaborate process now about to be described such hawks as could be enticed into the bow-net by ingenuity and patience and a remarkable dexterity. It was in the month of November that emissaries from the great hawking establishments in England, France and Germany assembled in largest force in the neighbourhood of the huts. The least of St. Martin of Tours, who is the patron saint of falconers, is on November 11th; and this date may probably be regarded as the most likely of any in the whole year for the capture of a migrant peregrine. But many of the would-be purchasers—especially if they had not secured themselves by contract beforehand with the hawk-catchers—made their appearance on the heath as early as the feast day of St. Hubert, patron of hunting-men, on the third of the same month. And if anyone now has a desire to go and sit for a day in a hut with the chance of seeing a wild peregrine captured, this is the best time he can select for his visit. He will not now see a concourse of



"CARRYING" ON THE FIST.

professional falconers clad in the picturesque garb familiar to us in hawking pictures. But if he waits till about the end of the hawk-catching season, that is to say, till the migrating time is over, he will see, at any rate, the head-falconer of the chief establishment in modern Europe, the Old Hawking Club of England, paying his annual visit to his good *confrères* the Mollens, and soon to return to Hampshire with some half-dozen of the splendid falcons required for rook-hawking in Wilts, with perhaps a cast of tiercels intended for magpies on Salisbury Plain. Very smart and business-like will the newly-caught peregrines look as they stand hooded on the "box cage" ready for immediate transport by train and steamboat to Flushing, London and Lyndhurst. Before they are fit to travel thus they will, of course, have gone through a short course of "carrying"



RETREATING INTO AMBUSH.

traveller in the air—the passing hawks find it easy enough to keep themselves alive for at least a day and a night. Often,

when the wind is not suitable for further progress on their long journey, they make shift to subsist for several days without leaving the "sward"; and in these cases the hawk-catcher, of course, has exceptional chances of bringing them into his net. This net is of the kind familiar to all falconers, and is, in fact, the same as that used for taking up eyesses that have been out "at back." It may be roughly described as a wooden hoop of semi-circular shape, attached to the ground at the two ends of the bow by rings working like a hinge, so that the bow itself, carrying a net of fine twine or silk, lies flat on the ground in the shape of a half-moon. From this position the whole structure can be made to describe a sort of somersault by a strong, steady pull at the far side—the *handle* part of the bow—on a string which is attached to it, and which can be pulled by a man lying in ambush, so that the whole apparatus reverses its position, the concave side facing the opposite way to what it did before. Of course, any hawk or other small object which may happen to be at the time on the ground close to the near side of the apparatus will then be enveloped and entangled in the net, which will



READY FOR SUDDEN ACTION.

on the fist, by which those accomplished masters of the art, Mr. Mollen and Mr. Oxer, have taught them how to stand still and patiently by the hour together when secured by their leashes to the padded perch. But we must return now to the earlier period, when these captives were still only thinking of their journey South from Scandinavian mountains.

The large open waste expanse of Valkenswaard in North Brabant presents a monotonous and uninviting aspect to the passing traveller. A very good idea of it, with its large pools of shallow water, its scrubby vegetation and niggard soil, may be got from our third illustration. On and about these pools or lakes, especially at migration times, are to be seen considerable numbers of water-fowl. And upon these birds—not always very delectable morsels, but quite capable of affording a good meal to a hungry

have passed right over its head and will be held down by the rings and by the wooden frame, kept tight in its place by the



A LAST GLANCE ROUND.



string. We shall see how, after many preliminary operations of a curious and cunning kind, the bow-net plays the most important and critical part in the whole performance.

The autumn hawk-catching season begins, according to orthodox tradition and custom, on October 1st. And here let it be noted that for a long time past the practice of catching hawks on the spring migration has been abandoned, although, no doubt, for a special consideration, and by special request, Mr. Carl Mollen—who now very worthily represents the old hawk-catching fraternity in Holland—would set up a hut or huts in the spring. Nor is it attempted, as a rule, now to take any other hawks than peregrines; and even in the case of these there was for a long time so small a demand for tiercels or haggards that those captured—being, of course, undistinguishable until they were actually in the net—were liberated at once by the captor. On October 1st, then, St. Bavo's Day, the hawk-catcher takes up his place within the hut, with the prospect of being a close prisoner there all the daytime for at least six weeks, and possibly more. But before this date he has been careful to provide himself with several accessories, both animate and inanimate, without which his task would have, to say the least of it, very much less chance of success. First he has begged, borrowed or purchased from some friendly falconer a peregrine which has for some reason or other turned out a failure in the field. This is to be used as a call-kawk, or decoy, as will presently appear. He has also, not without skill and patience, managed to ensnare a shrike, or butcher-bird—not the common red-backed variety best known to us, but the one called by Yarrell the

great grey shrike. This is the sentinel—the *excubitor* of Latin treatises on falconry—which is to give notice of the approach of any hawk from afar. The use made of this little bird will be understood by reference to the last illustration, in which he appears perched on one of the bow-perches rigged up on a mound of turf some short distance from the hut. It will be seen that close at hand there is a domed shelter, thatched with turf, into which he can retreat whenever he finds it advisable. But

for the most part of his time he stands in the open, occasionally pecking a piece of meat from the store provided for him, and then again scanning the sky in all directions with an eye which, for its power of distant vision, is probably without an equal in the bird world. Now as soon as any bird of prey appears—even far beyond the ken of any human observer—this sentinel shows evident signs of terror, which increase if the enemy should come nearer. Old Adrien Mollen, father of the present master of the art, used to say that, by the gestures and sounds of alarm of the shrike, he could sometimes form a pretty correct guess as to the size and species of the hawk (or kite or buzzard) which thus disturbed the equanimity of the watcher. Of course, the shrike is attached to his mound by little jesses and a leash, just as if he were a trained hawk, and usually—to guard against the chance of his escaping when taken hastily off his watch-tower at the end of the day's vigil—his flight feathers have been cut and the ends kept with a view to imping him up at the end of the season and letting him go, possibly to be captured again next year and similarly employed.

The other live accessories are a few pigeons, to the legs of which large soft jesses or breeches are attached, so that they can be used as decoys and live lures in the manner to be described. Then, at a distance of 80yds. or more from the site of the hut, and 30yds. or 40yds. apart, are erected two poles or masts, from the top of which a light but strong cord passes to the hut, so that it can be pulled tight or slackened off as required. Finally the hut itself is constructed. It consists of a circular excavation in the ground about 2ft. deep and about 5ft. in diameter. Half-a-dozen

posts are stuck in the ground, and support a rough framework—sometimes consisting of an old dog-cart or waggon wheel—to form the roof. This is, of course, covered with a rather flat thatching of the heathery turf of the plain; and the sides of the edifice are also heaped and woven up with brushwood and heather, so that you might walk right up to the hut and pass within a dozen yards of it without even suspecting its existence. In the front is a rather narrow opening; and this would be turned in the autumn to the south, but in the spring to the north, having regard to the direction in which the expected hawk will be travelling. The nature of the door by which the hut is entered sufficiently appears in the illustrations, in one of which a man is seen in the act of entering, and in another some of the lines are to be seen by which the various portions of the complicated trap are operated. In the inside a rough seat is provided, which will accommodate two men, though not with any room to spare. And there are small peepholes at the back and the sides. Three other very much smaller huts have had to be constructed, each of them situated in nearly a straight line between the hawk-catcher's hut and the poles already described, and between the hut and the place where the bow-net is pegged down, at a distance of 60yds. or 70yds. The purpose which these three small huts, or refuges, is intended to serve must now be explained. There are, as has been said, strong cords reaching from the top of the two poles to the hut, and at that part of each of them which is nearest a small hut, a smaller cord is attached, paternoster-wise, the end of one of which is attached to the jesses of the call-hawk, or, as he is

called, the "pole-hawk," and the end of the other is attached in like manner to the jesses of one of the pigeons. These live actors can now be exhibited in the open. When the big cords are slack, as they habitually are, hawk and pigeon will stand or walk about on the ground, or take shelter in their respective arbours if the sun is too hot or the wind too keen, or if it rains. But the hawk-catcher can at any time, by tightening one of the big cords, pull the hawk or the pigeon, as it may be, out of his retreat and hoist him a short way into the air. The



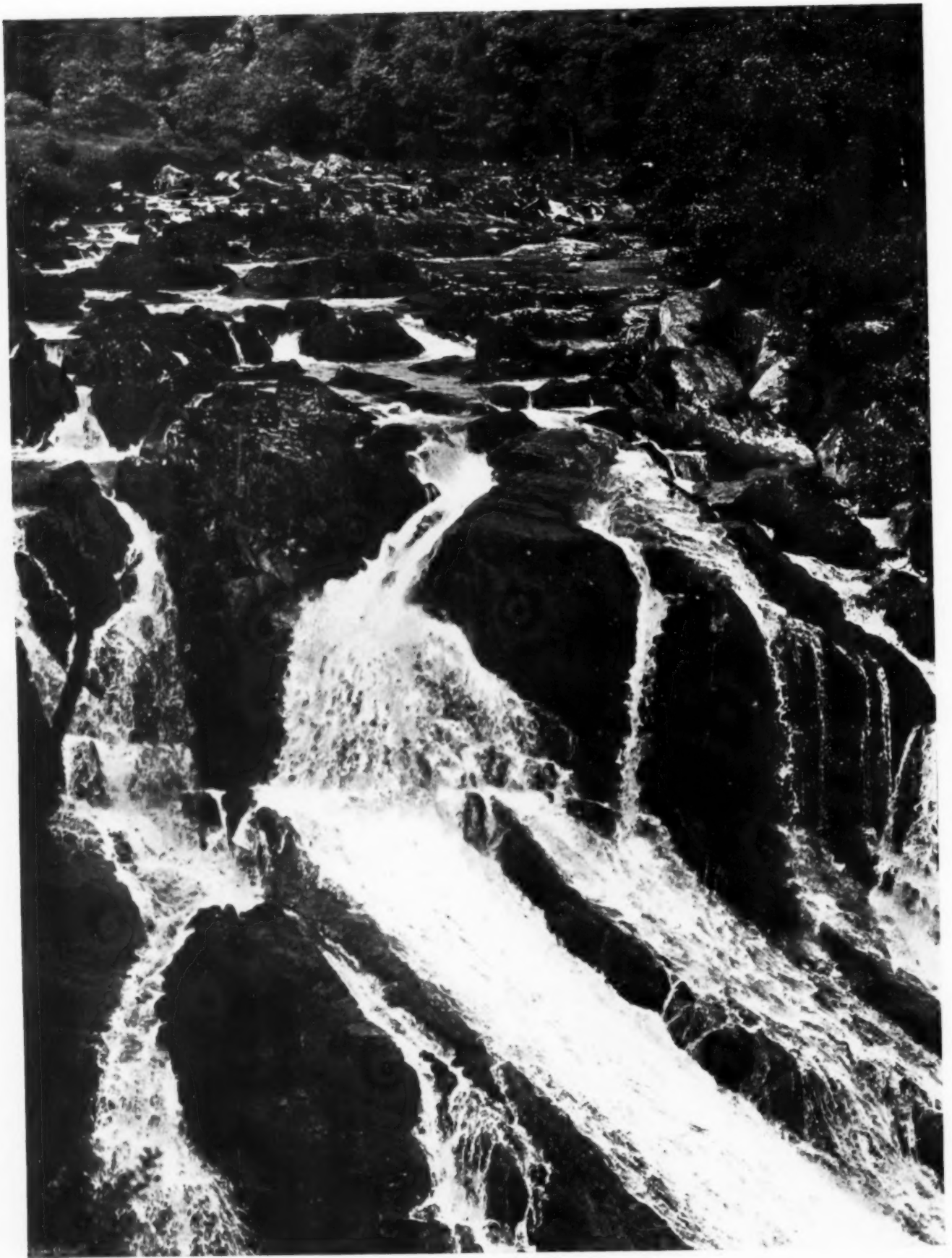
"LANIUS EXCUBITOR."

jesses, or leggings, are so soft and large that this operation does not cause any injury or pain. As the bird so hoisted flutters down to the ground in a rather odd and undignified way, it cannot fail to attract the attention of any peregrine, or, indeed, of any hawk, which may be within seeing distance at the time.

The third small hut is to serve a different purpose. Immediately between the "horns" of the bow-net and in the centre of it a ring is firmly fixed into the ground. And to this another line—the fourth of the series—is brought from the interior of the main hut. Passing through it, its end is attached to the jesses of a second pigeon, ensconced within the neighbouring small hut. This is the decoy which is designed to be actually struck at by the wild hawk, when she has been attracted by means of the pole-hawk or pole-pigeon or both to the near neighbourhood of the ambushade. Everything is now at last ready for the hawk-catcher to begin his work of watching. There are no less than four rope-ends lying in his hut, ready to be pulled by his right or his left hand. Each of them is distinguished by a mark of a different colour—a tag of ribbon or the like—so that in the hurry of active operations, when the critical time arrives, no mistake is likely to be made. The fifth illustration shows the chief operator taking a last glance around before he creeps into his little den, and, shutting the door after him, commences one of his long daily vigils. In another article we shall see how the whole apparatus works in actual practice.

ÆSALON.





SWALLOW FALLS, BETIWS-Y-COED.



## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## SHOW DAY.

BY

BERTRAM SMITH.



**I**T was French Minor really that worked the whole thing. I ought to make that quite clear, because the Mugwump, now that French has left, has taken to swaggering about it, as if it was his idea. He had jolly little to do with it really. Of course, there have been bigger rows, with chaps sacked, and so on; but this is generally considered to have been the best thing that ever happened at St. Oggs—in the way of being a score off, I mean. I was a good deal mixed up in it myself, and French was always my special pal, so I can tell you exactly how it happened. It certainly shows that women shouldn't interfere too much in schools.

You see, no one specially wanted to score off old Drinkwater. Considering that he was the head-master, we liked him a great deal better than you might expect, although he did pretty rotten things sometimes. But when he suddenly took it into his head to get married, everything seemed to go to pot, and St. Oggs really hasn't been the same place since, which ought to be a warning, it seems to me. It was only by degrees that we began to find what a difference it made. Mrs. Drinkwater asked nearly the whole school to tea in the course of the first term, and they were very good teas. Some chaps try to make out now that they weren't; but that is beastly ungrateful, for, as a matter of fact, she understood better than most people just the right sort of grub to get. Where she failed was not in teas. But she seemed to think that it was her business to run the school, which it wasn't. You were never able to get away from her. You kept running into her in the passages when you were in a hurry; and then she expected you to stop and apologise, and that made you late for form. Then she began messing about with the clothes, and was always telling you to get things darned and mended; and she gave you no end of jaw if she found you with dirty nails or with an odd pair of stockings or anything. After a while the sick-house became quite unpopular, for whenever anyone was laid up she used to come in and see them at all sorts of unexpected times and read aloud to them out of rotten books. Chaps simply hated that; and I can tell you the matron didn't like it much. But the worst of all was when you happened to come into the drawing room when she had callers. Then she always used to sort of play up to them to show how well she got on with the boys, and she would call you by your Christian name, and ask if you had heard from home lately, and how your little sister was keeping—when you hadn't got a little sister.

So you may easily understand that we were all pretty savage, even before she invented Show Day. I had often heard about there being Show Days at other schools, but I must say I never thought such a thing would ever happen at St. Oggs. We had always rather prided ourselves on keeping clear of these sort of footling things. But we had a Show Day now of our own at last, and, as the Mugwump said, any way you looked at it it only meant adding another Sunday to the term. It was a sort of garden party, with speeches and things, and chaps had to spend the whole afternoon standing about in Etons and handing round cakes and so on; and it was beastly hot and stuffy, and there was nowhere to sit down. There were 200 or 300 people, mostly parents—though I managed to scare mine away by telling them that there was scarlet fever in the school. They gave it up after the second year; they simply had to, because it would always have reminded people of the great score off. That would never have happened if it hadn't been for Show Day, and it was generally considered one of the best things that ever was done at St. Oggs.

French was an awfully quiet, painstaking sort of chap, and you would never have suspected him of being the first to revenge himself on Mrs. Drinkwater; but the way she treated him was the rottenest thing she ever did, in my opinion. He happened to be in the sick-house with water in the knee, and she had gone

to look for some clothes for him in his drawers. It was none of her business, but he simply couldn't stop her. Well, she grubbed about till she found a pipe and a tobacco-pouch among his stockings, where he had carefully hidden them. As a matter of fact, he told me himself that he only smoked in the holidays; but chaps were not allowed to keep smokeables in their drawers. Of course, if she had had the least spark of decency she would have said nothing about it; but she told old Drinkwater, and French got six.

Now French was a very rum sort of chap, but awfully painstaking; and I knew he was frightfully angry, although he kept so quiet about it. All sorts of fellows made suggestions to him as to what he should do to score off Mrs. Drinkwater, and it seemed to me that some of them were pretty good, especially Carter's. Carter's plan was to put sawdust inside her umbrella and roll it up neatly, so that when she opened it in a hurry she would make a spectacle that would attract the passers-by. But French simply laughed at all these ideas.

"If I *did* happen to want to take a score off Mrs. Drinkwater," he said, "I would jolly soon think of something better than that—something that would make her squirm."

Long after everyone else thought he had forgotten he used to talk to me sometimes about it in a brooding sort of way.

"I'm not really thinking about myself, you know, Scrunt," he used to say. (I do not know why these chaps call me Scrunt. It is rather a silly sort of nickname.) "The point is that we can't have the old school rotted like this. Something ought to be done."

"Well, I'm game," I said, and went on to make several good suggestions, but he only laughed at them as usual.

"She's made herself jolly unpopular in the town," he went on. "And a lot of the people are frightfully sick with her, because she won't call on them. And she didn't ask any of them to last Show Day, not even the doctor. I rather think old Drinkwater is a bit savage about it himself. He never plays whist at Tait's now, as he used to do."

Tait was a jolly good chap. I think he was the town clerk. He always used to come to the matches, and bowled a bit at the nets sometimes. But Mrs. Drinkwater, according to French, who always seemed to know things like that, had had rows with all the town people. She certainly used to crowd on a fearful amount of side. I expect that was why.

Show Day was coming round again, and still French hadn't done anything. This time it was fixed for Thursday, June 21st, and after the invitation cards were ready to send out, old Drinkwater discovered, which anyone but a lunatic would have noticed before, that he had got the wrong hour on them. So a new lot was printed.

And now I may say that it has never been generally known how French succeeded in carrying out his plot, or how he got hold of the materials, for he did not even know himself till the moment. It was what you might call a train of events. And it happened this way. All the invitation cards—400 of them—with the wrong hour on them were simply chucked into a waste-paper basket in a lump. It may seem to be a pretty wasteful thing to do, but that is what happened. Then the basket was emptied along with the other rubbish into a cart, as it always was every morning, and the load was dumped out on the shore beyond the gasworks. There was a strong north wind that day. That's rather important. I never would have had this story to write if there hadn't been a wind.

It happened that French and I had got leave to go birds'-nesting that afternoon, and we spent most of the time sitting on the fence at the edge of the links. French was very gloomy and down in his luck. He said he hoped there would be a thunderstorm on Show Day. Suddenly a small white object was blown to his feet, and he picked it up and looked at it.

"Golly!" he said, "that's a rum thing."



I looked over his shoulder, and found it was an invitation to the Show. "Tea at 5 o'clock," I read. "Surely it was four last year?"

French looked at me in a queer sort of excited way, that I did not understand then. "It's four o'clock this year," he said.

Then he got quietly down from the fence, and walked away across the links, and I noticed for the first time that the whole place was covered with little white cards blowing about in every direction. He began very carefully to gather them up. I watched him for a time and I came to think that it really was rather decent of French to tidy up the links like that, for there was no doubt the cards did make rather a mess. And at last I got down too and began to help him. I thought he would be grateful, but instead of that he turned round in no end of a rage and simply cursed me.

"Look out, you silly fool," he said. "You're dirtying them all with your beastly paws."

I wasn't going to stand that sort of cheek, even from French, so I simply chucked the cards down and went away and left him. The last I saw of him he was rushing about chasing the cards over the turf, one by one, and carefully stowing them in his pocket. But when I came back an hour later he was still at work, this time on his hands and knees in a little hollow where he had found quite a bunch of them. He always was an extraordinarily painstaking chap.

French and I shared a room in the West Passage, and when I came up, after the second bed bell that evening, I found him tremendously busy. He had cleared the dressing-table and chucked all the things off it on my bed, and he was sitting there with a great pile of cards before him, a piece of india-rubber and about half a loaf of dry bread. He looked up when I came in.

"Scrum!" he said, "I've got one hundred and seventy-two, not counting the grubby ones you gathered."

"What in the world are you going to do with them?" I asked, coming over to the table—"use them for mounting photographs, or what?"

"Don't touch 'em," he said, chortling to himself. "They're worth a guinea a box." French often talks in that silly sort of way when he has made up his mind not to tell you things. But I know how to work him, and I simply paid not the least attention to what he was doing, though I was tremendously curious really. I got into bed and left him rubbing away and blowing the bread-crumbs off the cards and cleaning them for all he was worth. At last he gathered them into a pile and came and sat on my bed.

"Will you lend me sixpence, old chap?" he said.

"What for?" said I.

"For the envelopes." And then he told me the whole plan, and, of course, I fairly jumped at it. We talked it over before we fell asleep, and decided to take the Mugwump into it, because of his handwriting. I have often noticed that chaps that write a really good hand are no earthly use at anything else. That was the way with the Mugwump.

We three met the next afternoon in an empty study and got most of the heavy part of the work done. French had a copy of the Post Office Directory for the town, which he had bagged from the matron's room, and he fished the addresses out of that, and the Mugwump directed the envelopes. We had a good deal of discussion as to who should be invited. The Mugwump was awfully keen to include one of the porters at the station, who was rather a pal of his. But French sat on him. He said we had got a pretty funny crowd as it was, and we must draw the line somewhere. When the whole pile was ready we had to decide how they were to be delivered. The Mugwump wanted to send them by post. But I soon showed him what an idiot he was by pointing out that, even if we only put halfpenny stamps on them, it would cost at least seven shillings.

"I hadn't thought of that," he said. "Stamps are such beastly expensive things if you get a lot."

We managed to raise a shilling among us, and with that we squared Tommy—he cleans the boots—and told him to hand them in on the evening of the twentieth. French said it wouldn't be safe to let them have them any sooner, in case some of them sent replies. He was awfully careful about all these little things.

Perhaps I ought to explain just what sort of a show "our little function" at St. Oggs really was. Old Drinkwater always spoke of it as "our little function," and told us that we ought to take a pride in it and make as good an impression as possible. It was much the best time of year to get orders out of him for new gloves or waistcoats. He was so frightfully keen on everyone looking smart; and the school used to supply button-holes for the chaps. But, of course, we saw through it. We knew jolly well it was all a big advertisement.

I must confess the thing was rather well done in a way. It was more of a thundering big tea-fight than anything else. There was a tent in the park near the school gates, chock-full of strawberries and ices and claret-cup and so on. The masters' wives were always fairly on the hop, and trotted out new hats and parasols, and Mrs. Drinkwater herself simply sailed about like a sort of second-hand duchess, always trying to get hold of the most swaggy people, and talking a lot of the most awful rot

about the school. I mean it all sounded pretty tall to anyone who really knew the truth. Meanwhile, we handed round grub and tried not to look born fools. And as soon as tea was over some sort of old trustee chap or chairman or something would get up and make a speech. It seems to be the custom in some schools for people like that to ask for a half-holiday; but it was never done at St. Oggs for some reason, which, when you come to think of it, only shows what a feeble business our Show Day was.

French, the Mugwump and I kept the whole thing jolly dark, and everything went on as usual. It was a blazing hot day and the crowd really was pretty smart. All the men had tiles and frockers, and Mrs. Drinkwater was fairly above herself. French said it was because she had a baronet and his wife, and she had never before done better than a knight. And I suppose it's true, because French always seemed to know these things. Rather more people turned up than had been expected, and they made a pretty clean sweep of the grub. I mention that because it happened to be important as things turned out. And a little before five o'clock they got the baronet to make a speech. We all stood round the edge of the tent and the guests sat at the tables. It was pretty difficult to stop them talking, but they did shut up at last, and the old chap had just got as far as remarking that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, which is rather a footling thing to say it seems to me, when the fun began. French nudged me suddenly, and I looked at the tent door. There were Mr. and Mrs. Tait, standing in the sunshine with a sort of bewildered, lost expression. I dare say old Tait didn't understand what a swagger show it was; but he did look awfully funny in his flannel suit and little pot hat; and his wife was absolutely gorgeously with a fair knock-out of a parasol. Old Drinkwater, who was near the door, shook hands with them and brought them in. But there was a little confusion and the baronet got a bit hung up in his speech. He was just getting comfortably under way again when there was another interruption. This time it was the doctor and his wife, and before they had been disposed of a whole crowd burst in. It was the finest thing you ever saw. The baronet simply had to chuck it. He never had a look in. And everyone got up, and there was the most utter confusion, upsetting chairs and moving tables and rooting round for eatables. And they were all so tremendously taken by surprise. It was not only that all these people turned up so late, but they were such a thundering rum crowd. I must say French had gathered up the most extraordinary people. I think Mrs. Hughes took the cake. She is the woman that keeps the post-office, and she's enormously fat and fairly waddles. French stood in the corner and gloated. And still they poured in, till the tent was like a bear garden. I was watching Mrs. Drinkwater, and if ever I saw anyone look absolutely crumpled up with rage it was her. But she just had to swallow it, and grin and be polite. You see, she knew she couldn't be making rows before all these swells. And the cream of it was that French's little lot were just the crowd she had quarrelled with. It really was a ripping score.

Of course, there wasn't nearly enough grub. A lot of us were sent down town to bring anything we could lay our hands on, and there was the most frightful confusion. When we got back, most of the original guests had cleared out, and the second batch were sitting round looking rather tired and hungry; but they got tea going again at last. The truth is, the thing had just fizzled out; and there hadn't been any speeches at all.

The beauty of it all was, that as far as the chaps themselves were concerned the second party was a lot more fun than the first. You see, there was the doctor and old Tait, and a few others that we knew quite well—there are some real sportsmen in the town—and after tea we got a good many of them started on a big game of "blocky" in the park, and had no end of a rag. When they went away finally, Mrs. Drinkwater was not to be found; she had simply bilked it. But they shook hands with Drinkwater, and assured him that they had had the time of their lives. No one ever found out for weeks how the thing had been worked, and when at last someone got hold of one of the invitation cards, of course it was in the Mugwump's handwriting.

French always was a painstaking chap.

## A CAMBRIDGESHIRE PLUM ORCHARD.

WHEN travelling from Cambridge on the main road to Huntingdon and the North, and shortly after passing Girton College, one leaves the villages of Impington, Oakington and Histon on the right hand. The fields adjoining the main road are chiefly arable, the soil is heavy and well adapted for growing wheat and beans; but one sees no signs of fruit cultivation. In the villages, however, that I have mentioned above, and in several other adjacent ones, a considerable acreage is planted with plum and apple trees, as well as with bush fruit and strawberries. At Histon is situated Messrs. Chivers and Son's large jam manufactory, which is a market for much of the fruit grown in its neighbourhood. This week I had an opportunity of inspecting an orchard in the village of Lolworth,



which is in the same locality. This orchard, which is twenty acres in extent, forms part of the occupation of a large and successful farmer who cultivates over 900 acres. His magnificent crops of cereals, beans, peas, and roots, all testify to his business capabilities, and he evidently devotes great attention to his fruit trees; but he informs me that the profits from his orchard are now very small in consequence of the large quantities of plums from abroad which flood the English markets.

This farmer extracts every penny he can from the farms he cultivates, to do which he expends a large sum annually on cake and artificial manures. He grows about twenty acres of garden peas in addition to mangold and swede seed for seedsmen, and is generally a seller of a large amount of clover seed each year. This year not only did he obtain a considerable sum per acre for Thousand-headed cabbages, the young shoots of which were picked and sold for the London market, but he expects to obtain even more money from these same cabbages, as the seed, on the fresh shoots which sprouted from the stalks, is sure to fetch a high price this season. Information obtained from such an enterprising and practical man can be relied on, and I was greatly impressed when he told me that his orchard now barely paid expenses. The oldest of his fruit trees, which are chiefly plums, but also include a few apples, have been planted about fifty years, but the majority are younger, as many have been planted from time to time to take the place of those that die or become unprofitable.

The trees are planted in rows, which are about 5yds. to 6yds. apart, and the soil between the trees is cultivated to keep the ground free from weeds. Great trouble is taken to prevent the ravages of the insect known as the winter moth which formerly played havoc in this orchard. Each year a strip of grease-proof paper is tacked round the stem of every tree at a few feet from the ground, and this paper is smeared over with a sticky preparation. The female winter moth is wingless, and as she crawls up the stem of the tree, for the purpose of depositing her eggs among its branches, she adheres to the smeared paper and dies.

The first few years this plan was adopted as many as 200 of these pests were counted dead on one band of paper; but the quantity now captured each year is comparatively small. The principal varieties of plums grown here are Rivers' Prolific and the Victoria. The fruit is sold wholesale by the ton. This orchard has in a plentiful season yielded 100 tons of plums but in a very bad year produces under 10 tons.

To be profitable the gross receipts must amount to £400, as the cost of rent, replanting, pruning, cultivating, picking, etc. is very heavy. Last year was not a profitable one, nor are this season's prospects very bright, and the sum which the fruit will realise is estimated at not more than £300. The crop of Victoria plums in this orchard is very scanty, but about half the trees are Rivers' Prolific, and their branches are fairly well hung with fruit.

W.

## COMING TO THE POINT.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

A FINE POINT.

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**P**OINTER or setter? That is the question. It is the question that will always be in dispute so long as men shoot birds over dogs, for it is largely a matter of taste, about which there ought, perhaps, to be no dispute, because there is no test or court of appeal to decide it; but for that very reason it must always remain an open question—"non-proven," according to the verdict of that country where the dog is most often used now to aid in the shooting of grouse. In England the use of the dog, except, of course, the retriever, is almost obsolete for grouse, but in Wales, as well as in Scotland, he persists. Apart from the question, not so open as the last, because there is a heavy weight of opinion preponderating

towards one answer, whether driving or shooting over dogs is the better way, it is quite certain that there is a large and an increasing portion of the grouse-producing country in which it is absolutely impossible to shoot the birds over dogs at all. They are so wild that they will not sit to the dogs, nor even to the guns for walking up; and the reason why this area increases is that the driving mode prevails more and more, and that where birds have once been driven they quickly get so wild that "dogging" passes out of the scope of practical politics. It is also true that there are parts of Scotland where the birds will not drive (although they are not so many as the old-fashioned keeper, who did not mean to be turned out of his old ruts and made to



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

A BEAUTIFUL SETTER.

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drive birds in his old age, would have had us believe) for the very opposite reason—namely, because they are so tame. On the western—seacoast—side of Ross-shire, and again in almost all the islands off the West Coast, especially in the southernmost of them all—Arran—the tameness, not of grouse only, but of all kinds of birds, is quite extraordinary. The coveys have to be almost whipped up by a dog-whip out of the heather, and this at a date in the season when the same birds are as wild as hawks on most of the mainland opposite. Doubtless the mild, relaxing weather has its influence on the birds, for the weather, curiously enough, has something of the same characteristics in those great “dogging” counties of the North-East of Scotland, Caithness and Sutherland. Here the Gulf Stream is said to curl its tail round the north-eastern corner of the island and make all warm in its embrace.

When birds lie so very close as this they do not make the task of the breaker of dogs at all too easy. It is trying for the young dog to be restrained from a pounce at a bird lying under his very nose and declining to rise; and, then again, if the dog be one of those that needs to be encouraged and is inclined to hang back too much from the birds, wasting a deal of

time; and giving then much opportunity for running off in front of him, then it is very difficult to encourage him just up to the right point and not at all beyond it. All this is a great test of that tact which is the first essential of the successful breaker. At the same time, it is not to be gainsaid that perhaps the disposition of the birds which evokes the manifestation of fine qualities on the part both of the dog and of the breaker is that which leads to the most interesting results. For it cannot be too fully realised that results are not to be measured by the number of birds in the bag at the end of the day's shooting. That, to be sure, is a very common mode



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

## DRAWING UP.

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of estimating, but it is a very fallacious one indeed if pleasure is the object of the day's outing. Shooting over dogs is rather a

different business, in this respect, from driving or walking the birds. Other elements besides the killing come into it, and though this is in a measure true of the driving also, if the shooter takes any intelligent interest in it, because it demands some qualities of generalship and knowledge of the birds' natural flight to get them to come properly over the guns, still it is true in very much greater measure of the “dogging,” where the actions of the dogs, more or less revealing the workings of their minds,



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

## ENCOURAGEMENT.

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afford a psychological study for those who have the eyes and wits to appreciate it. The present writer is very mindful still

of a wholesome rebuke administered to him by one of the lovers of the dogs at work when he ventured to suggest that the number of the birds on the moor would probably be greater if driving, instead of dogging, was resorted to. “Yes,” said the dog-lover, “that is true; but I have enough grouse to give me plenty of amusement now. I can go out as often as I like in the year and shoot as many as I want for my pleasure. I might get more grouse by driving, but I should not be able to shoot as many days on the moor. If it was all a question of the number of grouse that it was possible to kill, driving might be much the better way, but as it appeals to me it is quite a different question.”

Of course, that is the right way to look at it; but the fact is that our view is very apt to be distorted, and that we are disposed to look at it in the wrong way, just from this very habit of estimating results by the number of birds killed. No doubt that is an estimate which gives very little of a real index to our enjoyment of the day. The man who says, “I prefer hitting birds in the



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

## THE THRILLING MOMENT.

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head to hitting them in the tail" has a better argument. There is no denying that for clean killing driving is far the better mode.

Another feature of the western islands and of the West Coast, besides the tameness of the birds, which makes driving a virtual impossibility, is the very broken character of much of the ground. You must have ground more or less level, or else more or less large in its undulations, for successful driving. When it is all jagged up there is hardly any natural line of flight at all, and control of the birds becomes very difficult. Nevertheless, it is true that such occasional breaks in the ground as the "sikes" at Wemmergill, and any features of the kind which incline the birds to fly high over the shooters' heads and to come at all sorts of various angles, make the shooting of the driven grouse much more difficult and much more interesting than it is on some of the flatter English moors where the birds come on with a level flight to the guns. To the grouse-shooter whose whole mind is not filled with the idea of the numbering of the slain which shall take place at the end of the day, a very large share of that day's delight, if it be passed in the West Coast region where dogs are principally used (the far North always excepted), will consist in appreciation of the very beautiful surroundings of seascape and landscape. It is an appreciation always somewhat marred by the multitudes of the midges, which seem to exceed in size and in sanguinary voracity all that the worst of their kind are capable of in any other parts of these islands. But it is all so beautiful, as the heather-clad hills of purple slide down towards the great sea-lochs of blue, that we are obliged to be at charity with all the world, even with the midge itself, if we are at all in the mood of contentment.

Perhaps there is no other form of shooting small game (the "sport with an element of danger" is another story) which gives quite the same thrill of emotion to the shooter who is not too *blasé* to experience it as this shooting over dogs. In none other is there quite the same sense of climax, of working up to a supreme point. It is a thing artistically complete and beautiful. First there is the zealous and jealous quartering of the ground. This is a kind of overture or introduction to the real performance, which begins with an increasingly agitated wagging of the tail, indicating that some delightful scent is coming to the dog's sensitive nose. The excitement is infectious and is communicated to the dog behind, which has not yet got the scent, but already, by its more cautious movements, shows readiness to back the other's point. Gradually the dog which has the scent, after nosing this way and that, making its notes of interrogation, settles itself down, as these are answered, into that statuesque attitude which shows that the birds are fairly located, just in front of him. Then begins the long-drawn-out agony of approaching them, perhaps yet more prolonged by their running before the dog, and then, after that, just when the nerves of a young shooter begin to feel as if they could not endure the strain and must make him fire wildly into the air, or shout aloud if the birds do not get up, up they do get with a whirring of wings only to be calmly heard and reckoned with by those who are well accustomed to it. Then the old hand will bag the old birds of the covey carefully, and the young hand will blaze incontinently at the nearest young bird, and there follows the picking up of the slain (it is too

painful even to contemplate the occasion of there being no slain), and the dog looks up in your face and gives you a lick, if you let him, telling you what a clever fellow he thinks you to have killed the birds, and you pat him and tell him what a clever fellow you think him for finding them; and so, after mutual congratulations, and perhaps a drink together at a spring, as if drinking each other's health, off you go again for a repetition of the charming act—yet a repetition in which is no monotony, because no two performances are ever quite the same.

The pictures here shown, to illustrate it all, depict pointers as chief actors; and if the writer has to plead a personal preference for them, he has no intention, as said already, to question the good taste of those who like the setter better. But this at least, since the question of drinks has cropped up, he must ask to be admitted in the pointer's favour, that he has "a little more of the camel about him," according to the old story, than the setter has—can go longer between his drinks—and this is a capacity of some importance to a dog on many moors in the hot weather. It is a capacity which the shooter may also perchance find very valuable to him (or of which he may possibly appreciate the value even more fully in a parched regret that he has it not) when the latter days of August are sultry and the Highland hills are high.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### STOATS.

THERE was a curious incident recently at the first private rehearsal of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, when young hounds were being taught their business in preparation for the real season. A good stag had been roused and was being briskly hunted towards the close of a three hours' chase. Suddenly a stoat was disturbed and, instead of fleeing from the big hounds, made its passage right through the pack. How it escaped was a marvel, and its good fortune was the more remarkable in that the hoofs of the Master's horse missed it by a hair's breadth. The courage of the stoat is, of course, well known; but the little creature's adventure on this occasion is to be accounted for rather by a state of flurry than by its taking the deliberate risk of running through a pack of the biggest hounds in England—all with their blood up. Probably the staghounds were too much intent on the pursuit of their natural quarry to take much notice of so small a piece of vermin as a stoat. Still, it is to be remembered that in old days hounds were deliberately entered to the marten, a first cousin of the stoat and weasel, whose scent was regarded as one of the sweetest that hunting dogs could follow.

### RAPACITY OF STOATS.

The blood-thirsty ferocity of the stoat probably accounts for the almost unexampled larders found occasionally in the haunts of these creatures. There is a recorded instance of no less than thirty-five young pheasants being taken dead from the hole of a stoat, all of which had been killed and dragged from a single field that morning. Even if there had been a pair of these fierce little carnivora and their young, it seems impossible to believe that they could dispose of all this food before the carcasses became uneatable. Small birds, such as chaffinches, which feed much upon the ground, are frequently found in considerable numbers in the stoat's larder. It speaks volumes for the skill and cunning of these marauding mustelids that they can stalk and secure such restless and wideawake creatures as birds of this kind. That the stoat is an accomplished fisherman is also well known. Eels are a favourite food—often killed, no doubt, when making their journeys overland from one water to another; but perch, roach, bream



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. HARE BEFORE THEIR NOSES.

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and other coarse fish are also captured. How the thing is done probably no man can say with certainty, for the stoat is a most shy and secretive little beast, and his ways and habits are not all familiar even to the intelligent keeper (that *rara avis*!) of life-long experience.

#### THE MISDEEDS OF ROOKS.

Rooks have been steadily losing their character during the last fifty years, and at the present time, so fully proven are the many obliquities charged against them, one can believe almost anything of these feathered sinners. The latest charge, which comes from the North of Scotland and is perfectly well authenticated, is that quite recently a dozen of these birds were seen to attack, slay and devour a nearly full-grown leveret. At this rate rooks will be shortly turning their attention to lambs, and in a dozen or so of years we may even hear of their attempting the murder of an infant calf! One has heard and known instances of these birds attacking and killing chickens, young rabbits and small birds, but I have never previously heard of their extending their operations to so comparatively powerful a creature as a hare all but full grown. Cormorants are among the most rapacious of all birds, but a pair of rooks have a devouring capacity which needs a good deal of beating. A gentleman who reared a couple of young rooks some years ago in Asiatic Turkey used to give his pets some 3lb. of tripe a day between them. Not content with this ample allowance, the young marauders attacked and killed their owner's ducklings and chickens, and—after various cats had been slain upon suspicion—being presently taken in the act of murder, they were incontinently and properly shot.

#### RAPACIOUS BIRDS.

It is the custom to regard birds of prey as the most rapacious of feathered things. Here, I believe, the raptorial are accused unjustly, for although they devour flesh, and are therefore by nature compelled, for the most part, to kill their prey, their eating capacity is nothing like so highly developed as that of other birds. A pound and a-half of flesh would probably amply suffice so large and powerful a falcon as the peregrine for a whole day, probably for two days. I am pretty certain that many of the raptorial go hungry for some days together, and I believe that their appetites, when they devour food, are much more easily sated than is that of a cormorant or even a rook. A cormorant, which weighs about 7lb. to 8lb., will devour in captivity from 3lb. to 4lb. of fish twice a day. This is an enormous eating capacity, which, in proportion to its size and weight, I feel certain no hawk or eagle ever attains or even approaches. The locust bird of South Africa, one of the pratincoles (*Glareola nordmanni*), a somewhat plover-like species, has been so developed during thousands of years for its peculiar task of preying upon the vast locust swarms which it accompanies, that a single bird will probably devour much more than its own weight per day. This bird, in addition to an extraordinarily rapid digestive process, has great powers of flight and is armed with a short, stout bill, having a very wide gape.

#### VULTURES AND THEIR FOOD SUPPLY.

Vultures are, of course, enormous eaters, and devour, in a state of nature, much more than an eagle will do at a sitting. I have seen the carcass of a full-grown eland, weighing probably fully 1,000lb., picked clean by vultures in the course of an African winter's day. How many vultures were collected at the feast I cannot say with certainty. Probably 150 would be well beyond the mark. These foul birds gorge until they are literally full to the mouth and can take in no more. But vultures, on the other hand, must be often compelled to go for long periods without food, and when they get the chance have to make the most of it. These birds depend for a food supply on animals that perish either from disease or old age, or from the attacks of man and carnivorous wild beasts. In many instances, especially in the desert regions where they are often found, I am convinced that vultures can never obtain a meal for days and perhaps even a week or more together. Far different is their lot from that of the guzzling cormorant, which usually makes its haunt where fish are abundant and where a full meal can be obtained every twenty-four hours. H. A. B.

## THE FIVE GIFTS.

### A RE TOLD FAIRY STORY.

ONCE upon a time, long ago, two children came to years of discretion. Where they lived this had nothing much to do with the number of years old they were; for different children come to years of discretion at different times. Anyhow, these two happened to come to it at the same time, and they went together, as the custom was, to see Pan, who is the greatest of all the fairies, and has little or nothing to do with Peter Pan of Kensington Gardens.

They found him (for it was autumn) sitting beside a big corn-stook in a field of half-cut corn; and there was a great moon rising red behind him, which glittered in his eyes and tinted his curls to auburn, as he turned and spoke to them.

"Children," he said, "you are both old enough now to have something of your own, that you can use and care for in the way you like best. You must remember that it depends on you alone whether these Five Gifts I am going to give you will make you happy all your life, or only for parts of your life, or whether they will give you no pleasure at all. Now listen, while I tell you what I am going to give you."

Then Pan stood up and held his hands high above his head. Stuck in his belt of plaited grasses was a little flute of smooth wood, and drops of moonlight, as he moved a little, slid up and down it like quicksilver.

"Children," said he, "I give you both The Seven Days of the Week, The Seven Colours of the Rainbow, The Ten Sevens

of the Elements, The Seven Parts of Speech and The Seven Notes of Music. Go now, but return in fifty years and tell me what they have done for you."

So then the two children thanked him for the Five Gifts and went away; and for fifty years they went about the world; and wherever the winds blew, there they went.

At the end of fifty years they returned to the same field. It was changed much, for men had planted hedges this way and that over it. But they found Pan sitting by a stook of corn, as he had sat before. There was nothing about him changed at all. But they were old men now, and one had a long white beard, but his face was full of light and his eyes gleamed strangely; the cheeks of the other were sunken, and there were many wrinkles all about his eyes, which did not shine at all, but looked downward.

"Tell me," said Pan to this one, after he had greeted them both kindly, "how have you spent these years and what did the Five Gifts do for you?"

"I went wherever the winds blew," answered the man, "so that I had little time to use the gifts, for the winds never blew from the same place for any time at all. The Seven Days kept returning upon me, but they seemed so often the same that at last I began to take no account of them; and now they have slipped away without helping me at all. The Seven Colours of the Rainbow I could never see without the rain slurring my vision. As for The Ten Sevens of the Elements, they were so many that they confused my mind; perhaps if there had only been seven I might have learned more. Directly I began to use The Seven Parts of Speech, other men babbled ceaselessly and were for writing down everything which vexed me. The Seven Notes of Music were so often scattered by the winds that I heard nothing but the echoes of them ringing through waste places. All this makes me unhappy; but it was not my fault."

"Oh you are foolish beyond words," said Pan. "I have no pity for you. Your heart is hard, for you have never tried to soften it. You have not tried to fill your mind, and your mind is empty." And he began singing a kind of spell over him which was like this:

Seven days of the week :  
And ye say 'tis Time ye seek ;  
Seven Rainbow colours gave you  
Nothing ; may no pardon save you.  
Seven tens of Elements,  
Thine ungathered increments ;  
Seven parts of Speech  
Nothing to Say, or Read, or Teach.  
Seven notes of Music given  
And ye thought them—only seven !

When he had finished this, he turned to the other and asked him how he had fared.

The old man's face seemed to get more and more young, as he said: "I have been so happy, and I am so grateful to you for your gifts that I do not know how to thank you enough. The Seven Days I thought the best gift, for, as I went in every way the wind blew, they gave me time to see and enjoy everything. I found them so precious that I counted them as if each had been a golden guinea; and when they were used up I used to count them through again. The Seven Colours of the Rainbow I thought the loveliest gift, for with them I was able to see the sunrise from high hills and the sunset from winding valleys. And these helped me to enjoy The Ten Sevens of the Elements, for without their colour all these would have been nothing, and, without their shape, the colours would have been like children without mothers. So I could know and love the colours and shapes of flowers, of trees, of meadows and mountains, of jewels, that have the loveliest names of anything, of metals that hide beneath the ground, of houses of men in green valleys and at the mouths of great rivers, of ships men launch and of swift things that move by fire. The colours, too, let me see the most wonderful thing there is, the violet of the magic spark; and I saw it do more than any man can, and make dark into light and change the elements into different things, as a fairy does. And I saw all the pictures of the world and men painting, and all the statues of the world and men moulding. With The Seven Parts of Speech I could ask about everything and make people talk; and I read what they had written, and I, too, made songs about the things I had seen and done. As for The Seven Notes of Music, they let me hear songs that made me a spirit of fire and music that made me an angel."

Pan laughed very joyfully when he had heard the old man's tale, and took him by the hand and said: "Indeed, you have made good use of the gifts I gave you, and I am proud, for I think you will live for ever. Even when you sleep men will remember how happy you were, and that will make them happy, too."

Now this story is only about the first two people that were given these gifts; but it has always been the same with others ever since.

ERIC CLOUGH TAYLOR.



THE SPINNING-WHEEL.



**A**UGUST is not a gardener's month for gardens. His time are the months of preparation and expectancy and the season of early blooming—of bulb and shrub and alpine. With him the full summer is rather a moment of lull and of indifference despite its rich realisation of flower and of fruit. Yet it is the time when gardens are most used and seen and relished by owners and by visitors. Gardens and gardening are, therefore, just now themes for conversation and even subjects for thought, and it is the gardening side of Country Homes that will be mainly illustrated in these pages for a few weeks to come. To-day is presented one of Wiltshire's fine places, of which the already extensive grounds have been of late years enlarged and enriched with many new features, architectural and botanical. These are fully enough to engage our attention, and we shall, therefore, not step inside the pleasant but not ancient home, the garden front of which appears in one of the pictures. Most of the forms which gardening takes in our age—and it is an age which has much catholicity of spirit—are represented at Hartham. The dell and wood, the shrubbery and the pond with natural marge are there, yet the prevalent note is formal and architectural. But it is the formalism of to-day and not of the past. The old manner, inherited from the time when questions of safety and defence were

paramount, was of complete enclosures, often numerous and small, permitting of no broad effects or wide outlook. Quite late in the eighteenth century, Horace Walpole mentions with horror a place which still possessed a whole cluster of these as its only garden and grounds. Yet even before that century opened the *clairvoyée* and the vista had been very generally adopted as a means of giving the desired feeling of openness and expanse. The sunk fence, or *haha*, supervened, and then the "landscape" school arose, and not only walled enclosures, but every vestige of formalism became an offence against good taste. Now there is a renewal of the architectural method and of the geometric plan, but outlook is retained as a predominant factor. Thus the garden front at Hartham opens on to a level plat of straight walks, geometric beds in grass and formal evergreens. It is enclosed, certainly, but with a low, open balustrade, which in no way hinders the eye from ranging over the wide, undulating park and the hill lands beyond. Thence flights of steps lead upwards to the great south terrace. Facing the ascent is an enormous vase, a copy from the famous antique example at Warwick Castle, made locally out of a block of stone weighing ten tons extracted from the Box Tunnel when it was constructed. The upper terrace is of very dignified and ample proportions. A broad, gravelled walk stretches its level length at right angles to the front of the

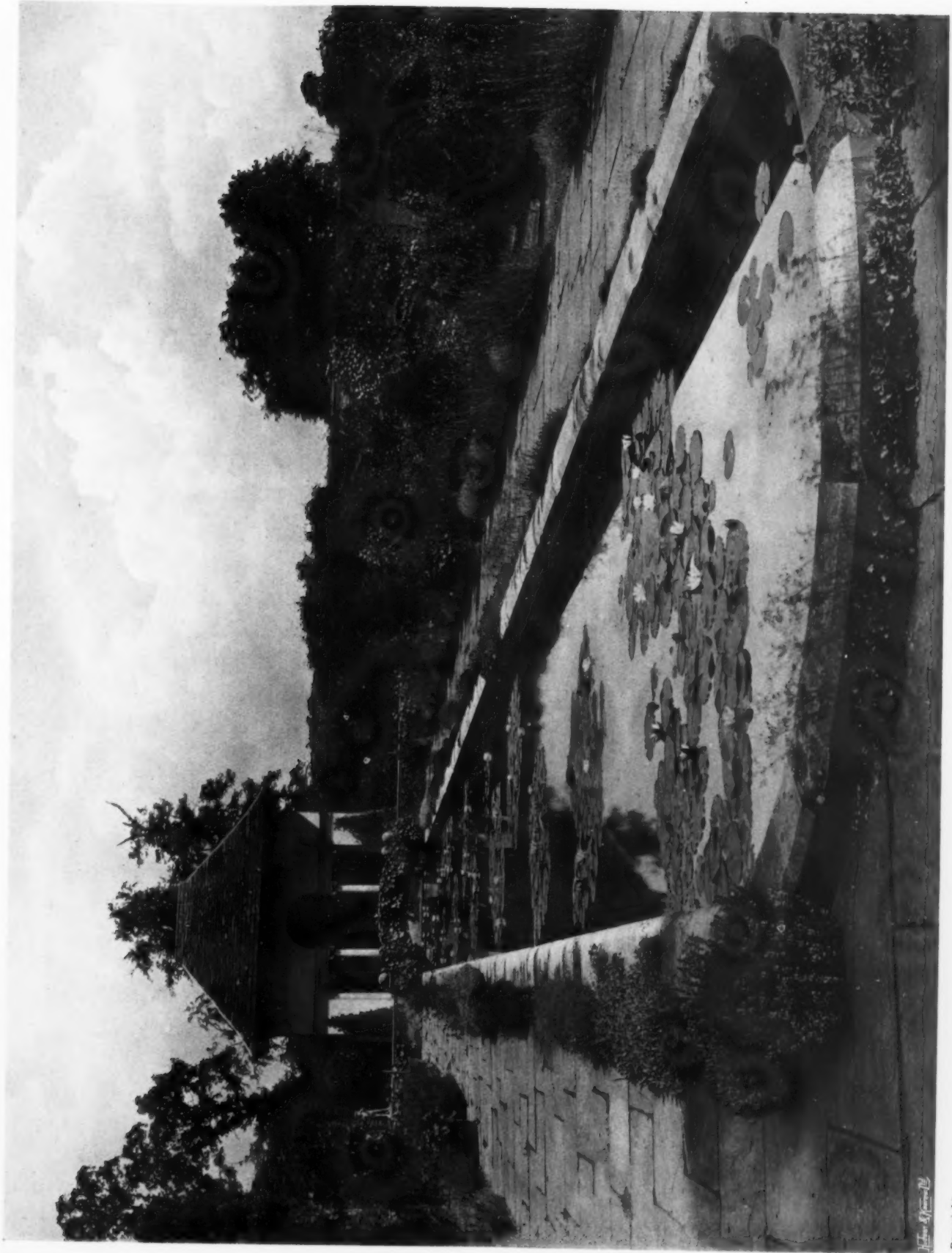


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THE CANAL.

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house and is raised high above it. On each side are immense herbaceous borders, which continue until the terrace approaches its termination. At that point an enclosure has been newly made under the advice of Mr. H. A. Peto. It is surrounded by a balustrade in the same manner as the house terrace, but the entrance from the long walk is flanked by two white marble urns which came from Verona. They are of bold and agreeable

loves to put in his pictures and Mr. H. A. Peto in his gardens. It is the final point of the level and geometric. It hangs high over the deep descent of a little combe set about with gigantic trees and winding its way to the lower regions of the park. Through the charming little wrought-iron gate at the side of the enclosure the visitor may pass into a wide stretch of open garden. That it is a recent intake from the fields is shown by the old



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IN THE GARDEN-HOUSE.

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design, a certain irregularity and freedom of treatment revealing the trained artist who works by the eye and not by rule and compass. Long exposure to the southern sun has given them a delightful colour and texture—the distinction, and not the decrepitude, of age—and a sprig of leaf and flower delicately wrought in iron gives a light and airy finish. Facing this entrance and raised on two steps is one of those great semi-circular seats which Mr. Alma-Tadema

hedgerow trees—maples, hawthorns and crabs—left here and there, dotting the semi-natural lay-out which is at this point adopted until the circular rose garden is reached. It is encompassed with yews and has in its centre a lion set on a column—further products of Italy's past. In all the portions of the gardens hitherto described openness has been a characteristic. The views have been varied and extensive, and the absence of any other barriers to the view except trees and hills has given almost a feeling of



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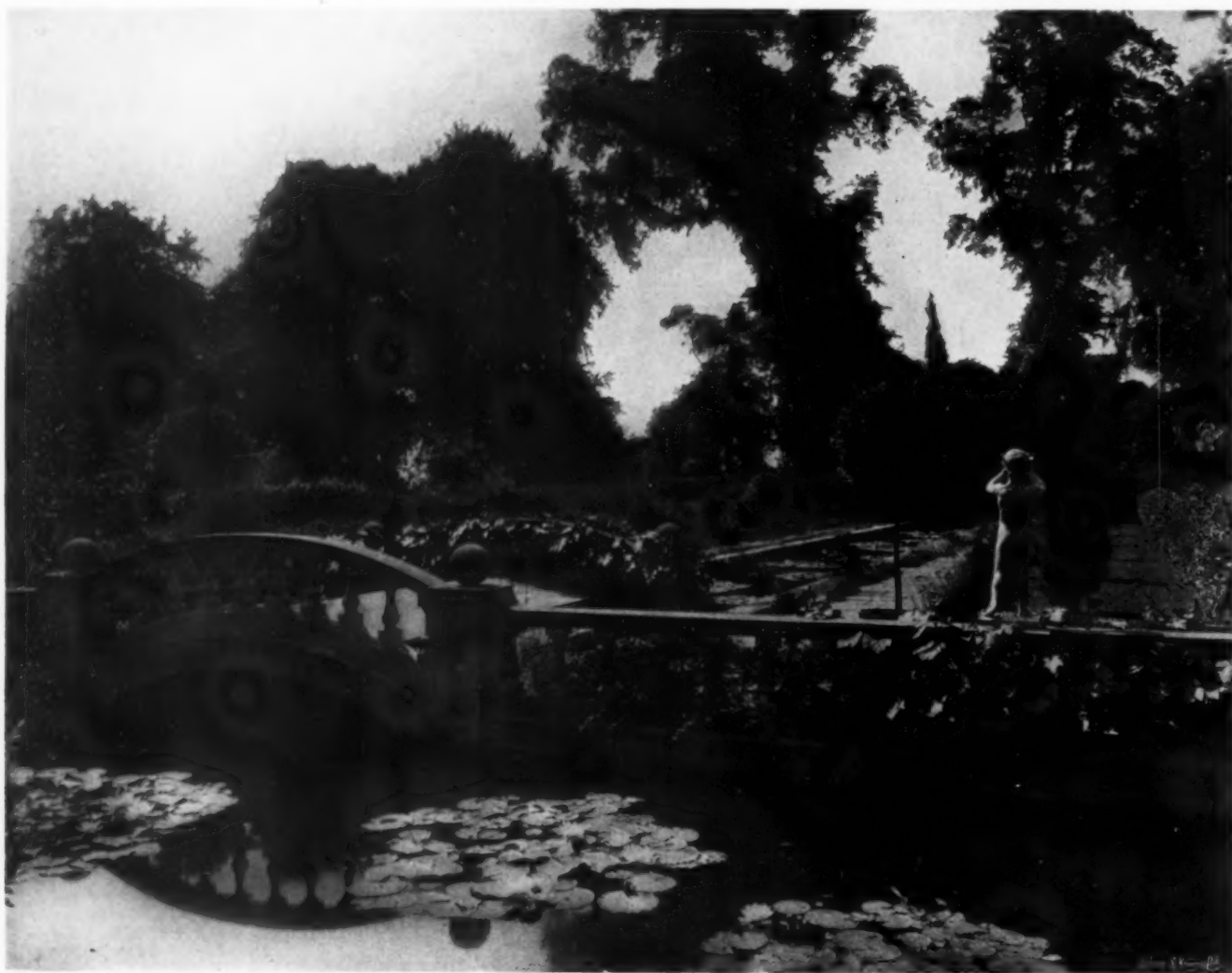
THE WAY OVER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



publicity. It is a condition that suits many, but not all, moods. The Englishman does not wish to be always in company. He loves his moment of privacy and aloofness, of occasional retirement "far from the madding crowd." His own room, his thick-set wood, his walled garden, are a relief from the reception saloon, the high road, the open lawn. This desire has been amply and beautifully provided for at Hartham, where, as at Clanna in Gloucestershire and elsewhere, a kitchen garden with ancient walling overtopped with tall trees has been made into a privy pleasure. This is a very recommendable form of garden expansion. New wall and ground and glass-houses may lead to better results in the matter of fruit and vegetables, while the old enclosure is capable of transformation into a delightful retreat. A T-shaped canal, with a garden-house at the head of the T, has been adopted by Mr. Peto at Hartham as the main incident. It will be remembered that the same materials were used by him at a house at Weybridge, which appeared in these pages last year. The two examples should be compared as showing a right differentiation in the treatment of similar features according to their site and circumstances. At Weybridge the canal and the garden-house serve as the leading

halves of a transverse cross way of flagging which passes along the edge of the head of the canal. The bridge is a masterly bit of construction. Between the path level and the water level there is scarcely one foot of fall. To get any effect from the archway over the water and yet to avoid disagreeable steepness of gradient to the pathway over the bridge was a problem requiring very careful consideration of proportions and handling of material. The illustrations will show that the two-fold object has been perfectly well attained. Standing in the garden-house we may enjoy the contrast between the sunny, lily-decked water in the open and the darkness and shadow which the depressed archway causes. Yet transit across it is effected by three low steps, and the suave lines of the path are not broken by anything suggesting obstacle, this result being attained by canting the steps and curving the summit of the bridge. On the balustrade of the pathway to the bridge stands a lad in lead holding a sundial. It is by Mr. Bühner, an artist who lives at Malmesbury, and it is a work of exceptional merit. The pose and modelling of the figure and the expression and vivacity of the face are quite enjoyable and give a touch of gaiety and humanity to the dignified architecture and reserved planting with which it is



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ART AND NATURE.

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lines in the largest section of a comparatively small place. The general effect aimed at was one of simplicity and expanse. The garden-house is modest, with little detail and a low-pitched pan-tile roof. The canal is uninterrupted, and its stone marge is level with and melts into the stretch of unbroken sward on each side. The effect is broad and reposeful, and that was essential in a garden that has elsewhere many incidents crowded into its space. But at Hartham, the great extent of the open terrace, the wide lawn and the ample wilderness provide abundant spaciousness of effect; and the little walled garden has been rightly given considerable detail and variety, just as a small sitting-room should look fuller of furniture and objects than the great hall. Marked vertical lines are given by the height of the garden-house, with its lofty central arch and high-pitched roof of the old local stone tiling. The canal is separated from the surrounding flagged way by a raised coping, and the effect is further diversified in form and colour by an infinity of plants growing out of the crevices between the flagging and the coping. Beyond the flagging, beds of low shrubs and herbaceous plants add fulness of interest. Moreover, the canal is divided by a bridge connecting the two

associated. The design and conception are modern and original, but based on a study and an appreciation of the best models and principles of the past. It is exactly what a garden object should be. A word of praise must also be given to the two vases which stand on the posts of the iron gate which leads out of the walled garden towards the gardener's cottage. Corsham is one of the centres of the Bath stone trade and has many artisans deft-handed in the treatment of this material. A class was therefore formed to teach them simple sculpture and educate their eye to form and design. It has been most successful, as the pair of vases illustrated fully prove. The model is an old vase, which stands on a pier of the stairway leading from the house terrace towards the copy of the Warwick vase. But this model is covered with finely-sculptured classic figures, quite beyond the powers of the Corsham stone-workers to copy successfully, and is too ornate and ambitious for anything but a choice and special place in a garden of some pretension. For ordinary and repeated use something much simpler, and within the compass of the ordinary artisan to produce and the ordinary purse to purchase, is preferable, and so the figure-work



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A CIRCULAR ROSE GARDEN.

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A COPY OF THE WARWICK VASE.

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has been omitted in the reproductions, while the general form and the simpler carving, such as that of the acanthus leaves, have been retained, and their spirit has been thoroughly well seized. The gardens at Hartham Park, therefore, exhibit the art and the craftsmanship of to-day as well as of yesterday. The whole has been designed and brought together as a set of harmonious pictures with great taste and judgment, and it is most gratifying to notice that well-selected examples of our own age can quite well bear juxtaposition with choice specimens of the past. Though it is well and fitting that we should lovingly preserve and appreciate the worthy productions of our ancestors, we should always remember that it is our duty to the generation of which we form part to encourage all wholesome and rightly-directed originality, and to rejoice at every achievement which reflects the needs and ideas of the day while submitting to the benignant discipline of inherited knowledge and proved principle. At Hartham antiquity has been admired and its output has found a place. But not exclusively and as a fetish. It has been recognised that to worship what is old merely because it is old is decadent and unworthy, and that its too fashionable adoption has led to the prevalent and pestilent modern disease of "faking" with all its attendant arts of deception.

Although it is its new-made gardens that have so far arrested our attention, Hartham Park is no new place, and was for long a possession of an interesting family. The Ducketts, we are told, were of old the Seigneurs de Datchet in Burgundy, but were seated in Westmorland in mediæval times. The trade of London attracted one or more of them in the sixteenth century, and Sir Lionel was Lord Mayor in 1572. His nephew, Stephen, a mercer and the son of a mercer, took an Oxford degree ten years earlier, and some time after appears as Member of Parliament for Calne. Calne was already then, and ever continued, until the Reform Act was passed, a close borough, and the owner of the manor dominated the situation. Almost continually from 1585 to 1765 did a Duckett sit for Calne, that estate and Hartham, which is in Corsham parish, having come into their possession somewhat earlier than the former date. Their home was at first near Calne, but it was burnt or rendered ruinous during the Civil War, and William Duckett, whose loyalty to the exiled house led to his inclusion in the proposed Order of the Royal Oak, set up house at Hartham after the Restoration. Kensington seems to have been his place of residence when he wished to be near London, and there his son, Lionel, was born and died. It may have been residence in this parish that gave to Lionel's son, George, his literary and poetic bent, for Addison was his friend, and Addison, both before and after his marriage with the lady of Holland House, lived much in Kensington, as did also, at times, both Swift and Steele. Hartham became a resort of the intellectual lions of the golden age of Anne. But their devotion to the Muses does not seem in all cases to have raised them above indulgence in the grosser appetites, and of the death of Edmund Smith, the poet, Dr. Johnson gives the following account: "He was in June 1710 invited by Mr. George Duckett to his home at Hartham in Wiltshire. Here he found such



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THE ENCLOSURE AT THE END OF THE SOUTH TERRACE

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opportunities of indulgence as did not much forward his studies, and particularly some strong ale, too delicious to be resisted." This made him ill, and as he fancied himself as an amateur doctor, he sent his own prescription to the local apothecary to be made up. It was for so potent a purge that the apothecary warned him of its danger; but he, "not pleased with the contradiction of a shopman and boastful of his own knowledge, treated the notice with rude contempt and swallowed

his own medicine which, in July 1710 brought him to the grave." George Duckett's sons ended the male line and also the local greatness of the family, for the Calne estate with its Parliamentary influence was acquired by Lord Shelburne, the owner of Bowood, not long after George III. ascended the throne. Grace Goldstone, George Duckett's daughter's daughter, eventually inherited Hartham Park and carried it to her second husband, Sir George Jackson, a Secretary to the



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TO THE SOUTH TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Admiralty. He took the name of Duckett in 1797, and had reached his ninety-eighth year at the time of his death in 1822. His son, Sir George Duckett, was a very capable and many-sided man. He was a classic scholar, a theologian, a Member of Parliament, a Fellow of the Royal Society and of the Antiquaries. But he was of those whose "income does not equal their expenditure," and not long after his father's death Hartham was acquired by the first Lord Methuen of Corsham Court. It afterwards came into the possession of Mr. Poynder of Hilmarton Manor, and descended to his daughter's son, Sir John Dickson-Poynder, the present owner. The Dicksons hold a long and honoured record as distinguished servants of their country, especially at sea. In the opening years of the nineteenth century, Archibald Collingwood Dickson of His Majesty's Navy, in consideration of his professional services, received a baronetcy with remainder to his nephew, son of William Dickson, Admiral of the Blue, and himself afterwards an Admiral of the Red. Of the sons of the second baronet one was an Army colonel, while three were in the Navy, and two of them rose to admiral's rank. It was Rear-Admiral John Dickson who, in 1855, married Miss Poynder, and their son succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of an uncle in 1884 and to the Hilmarton and Hartham estates in 1888, when he took the name of Poynder. His Parliamentary career continues the traditional position of former owners of Hartham. T.

## IN THE GARDEN.

PERPETUAL-FLOWERING CARNATIONS OUTDOORS.

ATTENTION was recently directed to the remarkable advance which has been made during recent years with Sweet Peas, and Roses also have received due consideration in this respect; hence there is no need to apologise for bringing not only this comparatively new race of Carnations, but also a new system of growing them, into prominence. These Carnations have been known to English gardens for over fifty years, but it is only during the last decade that they have received anything like the attention their many merits demand. Although of French origin, it is to our American cousins that we are indebted for raising and putting into commerce the forerunners of the many beautiful varieties which have found a place in our gardens during the last ten years, these including a large range of colours that the cultivators of the old florists' Carnations would not have imagined possible. Even now the utility of these Carnations is but little realised, only a comparatively few gardens in the country possessing anything like a representative collection. For providing cut flowers right through the winter months these plants are second to none, and their culture under glass for this purpose is now fairly well understood; but it is to the outdoor culture of them during the summer months that one would draw attention.

Those who love the old border Carnations, which have found a place in our gardens for a great many years, must frequently have regretted the passing of their brief flowering season; but with a little trouble excellent blooms may be obtained outdoors from the perpetual-flowering varieties from early in June until well into October. It is true that these cannot compare favourably with the border Carnations in several respects; but it is equally true that the development of the race is at present only in its infancy, and in the course of a few years the defects which now exist will doubtless be eliminated. The principal of these are the fringed edges of the petals, the absence of fragrance from a few varieties and an outline lacking in symmetry.

Against these faults we have plants of remarkable vigour, perpetual-flowering propensities and long, stout flower-stems.

For three summers now the writer has tried growing these Carnations in the outdoor garden, and each attempt has met with good results. Strong plants in 6in. pots were obtained each November, these possessing promising-looking flower-buds at the time they were purchased. During the winter months the plants were kept in a temperature averaging about 40deg. Fahr., and during bright days gave a few flowers of medium quality, these being produced in increasing quantities as spring advanced. In the first week in May the plants were stood outdoors during the daytime and removed under glass at night, and after a fortnight of this hardening treatment were planted out in the beds or borders, the soil having previously been well and deeply dug and some old, short manure and a little finely-ground



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THE GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

bone-meal added to it. By the first or second week in June the plants have become established, and then commences a panorama of blossoms which does not cease until severe frosts are experienced in the autumn. Last summer from one plant alone the writer gathered nearly a hundred blooms, but this was exceptionally good. It ought not, however, to be difficult to secure an average of half this number, providing healthy, well-hardened plants are available at the time of planting out.

Any soil that will grow Pinks and ordinary Carnations well appears to suit the perpetual-flowering type. Naturally, varieties differ considerably in their constitution, and some are probably

much better adapted for outdoor culture than others. One of the best is undoubtedly the fine scarlet variety named *Britannia*, raised about three years ago by an English grower. This revels in the outdoor garden, and at the time of writing I have a plant of this standing in a wind-swept position on which there are six excellent blooms, two of which measure 3½ in. in diameter. *Winsor* is another variety that has given flowers of the same size, the colour of these being bright rose pink. *Fair Maid*, pale pink, and *Mrs. H. Burnett*, salmon colour, are

two other varieties that are doing well. Those who think of growing these Carnations outdoors another summer would, however, be well advised to proceed tentatively, as it is just possible that they may not prove suitable for all situations and localities. Although they are said to withstand the cold, wet weather of winter, the writer has not yet been able to give plants a fair test owing to unavoidable alterations, during which the plants were lifted and transplanted early in November, but undisturbed specimens in other gardens have survived the winter without protection. F.W.H.

## AGRICULTURE.

THE DAIRY AT WADDES DON.



ROSE-BEDS IN FRONT OF DAIRY.

**J**ULY is the month in which to see magnificent grounds and gardens, such as those at Waddesdon, in their glory. Now the labours of the year have come to fruition, and it is impossible, even when dealing with a detail, comparatively speaking, so unimportant as the dairy, not to make mention of the great scheme in which it fills an appointed place. To understand Waddesdon aright the imagination must be able to picture what it was thirty-five years ago, when the late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild purchased the land and set himself to make it what it is. At that time a typical Buckinghamshire village, with the usual array of squalid cottages

interspersed with beer-houses, lay at the foot of a hill, and was surrounded with ordinary agricultural land. There was little beauty

and less happiness, but only a collection of ill-paid, ill-housed labourers. But it was no hostile hand that effected the transformation. Where labour was only a legion before it now became an army. Undesirable dwellings were swept out of existence, but cottages of a superior, almost luxurious, description were built to replace them. They were fitted with baths, sanitary appliances, and made comfortable and convenient, but without any thought of improving the rental value of the property. On the contrary, the lowness of the rent is a striking feature of the Waddesdon cottages. Scarcely anything is left to



FOR SUMMER AND WINTER.

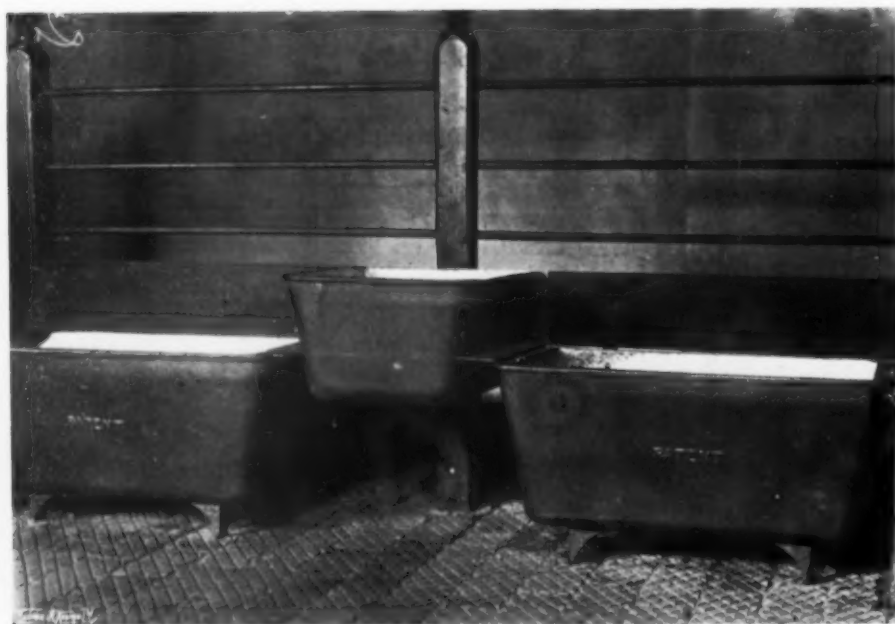
raise a memory of the old village. A row of gnarled elms throw a shade over pond and grotto, but no chance visitor could possibly guess that thirty-five years ago they rose above a dull row of cottages, and formed part of a typical old-fashioned village street. The mansion was set on the top of the steep ascent, and those who knew the place used to laugh at Baron Ferdinand's choice of so bleak a site, and declared that the winds would make its unsheltered position untenable. But the land is part of the famous and fertile Vale of Aylesbury, where the grass is good enough to fatten a bullock without cake, and whatever was planted grew so well that there is no longer any solicitude about nursing a shade. Forester and gardener have to think far more of thinning out the vigorous and abundant growth. The soil is a deep, rich loam and clay. One can infer as much from the profuse beauty of the roses, and in July the rose is the dominating flower. Not only does it flourish in the garden beds and on the giant trellis arch built for the ramblers, but its glowing colours light up lovely corners of the park and grounds where it has been planted with exquisite taste and care. Even in driving through the park one sees that such land must be exceptionally good. The beautiful little Indian deer in the park stand knee-deep in the grass, and are in the



IN THE STABLE-YARD.



SOME OF THE JERSEY COWS.



FEEDING AND DRINKING TROUGHS.

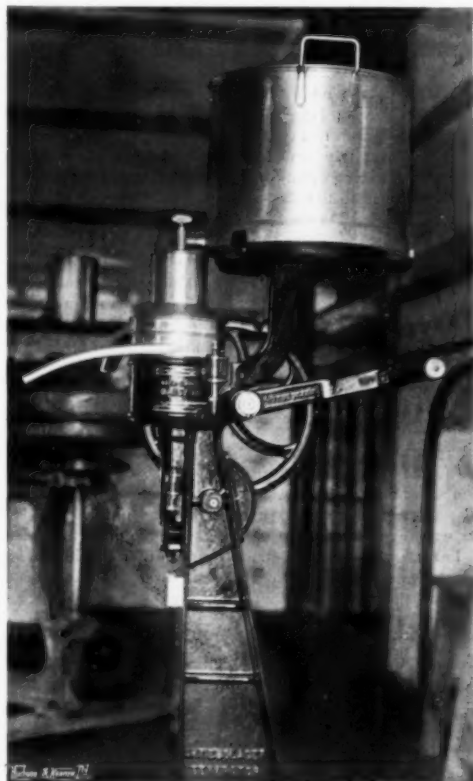
pink of condition. The estate is one on which an interest in living things is cultivated in the highest degree. Along the park palings are boxes filled with pieces of bread, which the visitor can throw to the deer. They understand the game very well, and when a halt is made near one of the boxes they come trotting up to be fed. A magnificent buck seems to take a special interest in these proceedings and is much bolder and more confiding than the hinds. It is the same at the ponds. They are full of fish; and here, again, boxes are placed with crumbs which the visitor may throw into the water. When he does so, there is a rush of fins to the place, and the pond is in a perfect turmoil with fish struggling for their share of the plunder. Beautiful poultry are kept in large and convenient runs, to the outside of each of which is affixed a card describing the breed, so that to walk along the drive is an education in poultry-keeping. But perfection is most nearly attained in the arrangements for the cows. Needless to say, an extremely choice herd of Jerseys is kept for the purpose of supplying the house with milk and butter. It is found advisable



to keep a few shorthorns also, because on the rich feeding on the estate the Jerseys produce milk that is almost too rich for ordinary consumption.

This is another illustration of the fact that the Jersey is essentially a peasant's cow, raised to its highest point of perfection by generations of hard milking and spare feeding. On such very good pastures as there are at Waddesdon it tends to lose some of the characteristics that distinguish it in its native island. So much is this the case that there is an exceptionally brisk demand at Christmas-time for the steers which have been fattened and are then sold. These Jersey steers are famous over

a wide neighbourhood for the fat and other culinary properties which have so especial a value at Yuletide. The dairy itself is one of the most charming we have ever seen. We doubt if there is a more beautiful one in Great Britain. The outside is a picture in itself, as the building is set, so to speak, in a framework of rose-heds. The milk-room has been built with a thorough knowledge of all that is required for butter-making. The walls go up to a considerable



THE SEPARATOR.

height, but the room itself is a very low one and a verandah all round it ensures that evenness of temperature both in summer and winter which is essential to the proper treatment of cream. Whether churning is going on or not, the spotless cleanliness alike of the room and of the apparatus, such as the separator, churns and so forth, is strikingly manifest. But, at any rate on the principle that the proof of the pudding lies in the eating of it, the best proof of the excellency of the dairying lies in the exquisite quality of the butter. It is not of such a rich deep colour as it would have been in June, but it has colour enough, and in its dryness, texture and flavour is utterly beyond reproach. The little tearoom adjoining the dairy is a treasure-house of what is beautiful, curious or ancient. It affords another proof of the care taken by Miss Alice de Rothschild that her visitors shall never want objects to interest them, in whatever part



CHURNING.

they may be. Coming from the dairy to the cow-house we find as much care bestowed upon the comfort of the cattle as there is upon the production of the dairy products. At this season of the year the animals are all out at grass, and the cow-sheds empty, but in design and construction they leave nothing to be desired. Lofty roofs give an allowance of air space very much larger than is required by the Home Office. The ventilation is so arranged that the air is always fresh and pure without there being any of the draught which is so dangerous for cattle. The arrangements for cleaning and for hygiene generally are well considered and effective. The floor of each stall slopes gently to a drain which carries off superfluous moisture and the stalls themselves are roomy and well equipped, so that the cow may enjoy complete ease and comfort in her home. Each trough is separately supplied with water, and there is none of that trickling from trough to trough which is the fault in some recently-constructed dairies. It is, of

course, an easy plan for watering a large herd of cattle to turn a tap on at one end and have the other troughs so arranged that the water flows naturally from one to another in pipes. This is expedition, but it has the fatal drawback that if one of the cows is suffering from an infectious disease the germs of it may be carried to the troughs of the other cows. Moreover, Mr. Sims, who is responsible for these designs, believes very strongly in considering the needs of the individual cow, and the system adopted gives a control which would not be otherwise obtainable. This is the



LAMB-SHEDS.

time of year when the majority of the calves appear, and many of these pretty young things are to be seen in the sheds constructed especially for them. One is never tired of looking at young Jerseys, and it is commonplace to say that, with their finely-shaped heads and delicate ears, they are as beautiful as fawns. Many of those which we look at promise to become first-rate members of the herd. It is not the custom at Waddesdon to take them from their mothers directly they are born. They suck for a day or two and then are gradually weaned. The system works very well, although there are many whose practice is the opposite and who think that, if the cow once suckles her calf, she worries when it is taken from her and suffers accordingly. We are bound to say, however, that no such effects are visible at Waddesdon. The mothers and the offspring alike, by their splendid condition, show that, whatever may be said about the system theoretically, it works out most admirably in practice. The boxes for those about to become mothers testify to the same infinite care as has been already described as bestowed upon the other details of this model estate. A lady who was looking round this place not long ago made the remark that if there were too many guests for the house, these boxes could be turned into bedrooms, and for her own part she desired nothing better. There was little, if any, exaggeration in the statement. It is impossible to imagine anything that could be done to add to the comfort of the inmates.

Concerning the herds of pedigree stock at Waddesdon, we must reserve what we have to say for another occasion. Their importance calls for fuller treatment than could be given to them at the end of a general description of Waddesdon Manor.

#### THE ROYAL LANCASHIRE SHOW AT SOUTHPORT.

THE Royal Lancashire Show this year has shared the fate of a good many others, from a financial point of view, for on the third day, usually the most popular one, the ground was flooded owing to the heavy rain, and the attendance on the first two days, partly, no doubt, on account of prevailing bad trade, was less than half the previous year's record. It is the more regrettable since the entries, as a whole, were unusually numerous and the programme much better arranged than last year, from the spectators' standpoint. It is rather a curious fact that, in the midst of the great Lancashire horse-breeding district of the Fylde, Shire classes were neither so uniformly high in standard, nor so representative of the best breeders, as usual at this show. Mr. Frank Farnsworth's Ratcliffe Forest King took premier honours among Shire stallions, and was the winner of the Derby Cup. The Greenall Challenge Cup for the best Shire mare in the show went to Lord Rothschild's Desford Future Queen, who was first in a not very large class of brood mares. The Shire Horse Society's gold medal was awarded to a locally-bred barren mare, Alston Bluebell, the property of Mr. Harry Jackson of Kirkham. In the heavy-weight hunters, Mr. J. H. Stokes's Matchbox ran Mr. Drage's Red Sea very close for first place, and the judges, Major Hardcastle and Mr. Wickham Boynton, requisitioned the services of Sir Gilbert Greenall before arriving at the final decision. Classes for Army remounts were not well filled, but it is hardly to be wondered at, since the conditions were so vague as to leave the class open to anything from a general utility hack or light roadster up to a show hunter. Only a part of the prize-money was allotted, and the experience tends to show that some definite standard is required for this class of horse, in view of the prevalence of "remount" classes at shows just at present.

#### A SUCCESSFUL SEASON FOR SHORTHORNS.

Among the earliest events of importance in the sale world was the remarkable sale of dairy shorthorns, virtually pure Bates in breeding, from the

herd of Mr. George Taylor in Middlesex. The peculiar feature of this event was the great interest shown in the progress of the new movement for cultivating the milking propensity of highly-bred strains of blood, and the uniformity of character in the animals, together with the splendid milking records of the cows, attracted any number of eager bidders. A much better average than was expected was realised. Then came the great dispersal sale at Chiddingstone in Kent, where a first-class herd of quite a different description had been collected by the Messrs. Denny regardless of cost. The herd was a good example of the policy pursued of late years of crossing good old lines of blood with Scotch sires. It was an excellent sale, the average for fifty-six head being £84 2s. each, although it was remarked as being curious that the sale was quite unsupported by Scotch breeders. The sale in the showyard of the Royal at Gloucester attracted a huge crowd of onlookers. Owners are allowed on these occasions to place their own reserves on their animals, and some of these were very high. The disposal of 109 out of 199 entries was, therefore, highly satisfactory, and the average exceeded £80. The appearance on the scene of an American buyer was a noteworthy event, as the United States breeders have long held aloof owing largely to the prohibitive fees charged by the American Herd Book for entries of English stock. The sale of the herd at Kingscote was only moderately good, but that of Lord Fitzhardinge at Berkeley Castle was one of the leading events of the summer. The late Earl was very noted for his strict adherence to the Bates blood, and his purchase of the bull, Duke of Connaught, at Lord Dunmore's sale for 4,500 guineas helped to bring the herd into prominence. Since then great changes have occurred in shorthorn affairs, and the introduction of Scotch blood on such lines as those at Berkeley was a startling innovation, the results of which even those best skilled in breeding could not foretell. In this case the great experiment was a brilliant success, and many of the animals in the sale united all the most advanced features of the Bates with plenty of substance and good form. Waterloo 70th, purchased by Lord Rosebery for 320 guineas, was pronounced to be the best female shorthorn which has appeared since the celebrated Molly Millicent, and Waterloo 75th, which made 200 guineas, to Mr. Godsell, was another splendid specimen. The general result of the sale was an average of £81 2s. 11d. for forty-five head. The purchase of several of the best and highest priced animals for Scotland was the cause of much remark, and was taken as an indication that Scotch breeders see and appreciate the success of the union of their own strains with the exclusive Bates group, and now recognise the great potentiality of the latter. There have been many other capital sales and no failures, and the enterprise shown by home breeders has been a most encouraging sign of the times.

#### REFORM OF DAIRY PRACTICE: A GOOD EXAMPLE.

It is easy to foresee that coming new regulations and systems of inspection may compel a revolution in some of the details of the methods now prevailing in the milking-sheds and dairies of the country. The Oxfordshire Agricultural Society recently awarded three prizes to be competed for by tenant farmers only residing within twelve miles of Oxford City, the object being to encourage dairying under the best conditions. Marks were given according to the following scale: Condition of cows, 4; cleanliness of cows, 4; cleanliness of cowsheds, 4; careful removal of manure, 5; equipment of dairy, provision of hot water, pails, strainers, etc., 3; care and cleanliness of utensils, 5; health, etc., of attendants, 2; cleanliness of milking, 5; prompt and efficient cooling, where required, 3; average quantity of milk per cow from a commercial point of view, allowance being made for period of lactation, 20; flavour of milk, 10; composition of milk, 20; keeping quality of milk, 20. The sample was to be taken from the whole bulk of mixed milk, and another curious condition was attached, the full meaning of which is not very apparent. No herd was to be eligible to compete which contained more than one Channel Island cow to every ten of any other breed. This seemed like a left-handed compliment to Jerseys and Guernseys as dairy cattle, though probably it was not so intended.

A. T. MATTHEWS.

## LITERATURE.

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

ON my table has been lying for a long time a number of books of verse. I would say of minor poetry, were it not that he whom we call a minor poet protests strongly against the epithet. He says that the poet is either a poet or he is not a poet, and that to term him "minor" is to insult him wantonly. The painter is not labelled as a minor painter, the actor as a minor actor, or the musician as a minor musician. The difference is shown by speaking of those who distinguish themselves beyond the others as "great." All this comes to very little, because, and certainly, anyone who takes the trouble to read a page of such volumes as are lying before me at the present moment must inevitably feel that he has been studying minor poetry. It may be entertaining to consider some of the tests by means of which we distinguish between the two, and the great test must always be language, because whatever force, imagination, passion may be behind, words form the medium by which they are expressed. The most certain attribute of the minor poet is that his language is an echo of that used by genuine singers. The distinction is the well-known one of Goethe, when he said that there were many echoes but few voices. Certain commentators have scarcely grasped the truth of that dictum, if we may judge by what has recently been said. The discussion arose first of all out of the

remark of a young critic that the poet of the day failed because he did not speak in the language of the day. He followed the example set by the late Mr. Swinburne, who to a large extent culled his vocabulary from the Elizabethan poets. The most striking contrast that we know to this is that of Robert Burns, who took not only the language of his day, but the patois of his district, and used for his songs the most homely words of his ploughmen acquaintances. There is no affected diction in that most tender of his verses:

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,

The lines are poetry, not because Burns was skilled in or learned in words, but because he suffused the language employed by him with his own imagination. For what is a poetic word? Every word was originally invented to express something that was prose pure and simple, that is, in its original state. It became poetic either because of the associations that grew round it, or because a poet glorified it with the glamour of his own imagination. Now it is the trick of the minor poet to steal from those who have gone before him, though not in the vulgar sense of being a plagiarist, or even of sharing the harvest of someone else. Towards the end of the last century there existed a school of poets who believed that fine words made fine verses, and they searched literature high and low for the vocabulary that they meant ultimately to employ themselves. But this was only the



way to produce sham poetry. The man of wide and literary culture will gradually attain to the mastery of a great vocabulary because his interests lead him to read in so many fields. That is quite a different thing from poring over the masterpieces of poetry and reproducing a modern echo of the great voices of the past. The latter operation is merely a step in the degradation of words. It is the distinction of the poet that he can take even the commonest vocable and give to it a beauty that other people had not seen in it before. For instance, Shakespeare, when he talks of the "daffodils that take the winds of March with beauty," invests the word "take" with a quality it does not possess in prose. In the same way Tennyson, when he wrote "When that which *drew* from out the boundless deep," extracted a surprising and unexpected charm from the word "drew." It becomes at once a picture word suggesting all that is most majestic in the sailing of a ship. But anyone coming after and attempting to use these words in the same way is inevitably degrading them, as so many beautiful words have been degraded. Take, for example, the adjective "bewitching." It used to convey an exquisite meaning, but fashion, which has degraded so many exquisite things, has degraded that also. It fell into the hands of the writers on dress articles, and those who have heard continually of the "bewitching" gown, or the "bewitching" hat, are inclined to lay the word "bewitching" on the shelf and never use it again. Such words as "delightful" and "charming" have been worn threadbare by constant usage. Indeed, if Jonathan Swift were alive to day to re-write his "Guide to Polite Conversation," it is certain that his mordant genius would fix upon phrases like these as having become the ordinary patter of society. They are ruined, as hundreds of similar adjectives have been ruined, by vulgar usage. In looking over the volumes of verse before us it becomes evident that the modern bard does not keep these wholesome reflections in his mind. He is very prodigal of the affected phrase. Perhaps we ought to have said "she," because it is a greater weakness of the poetess. Sometimes it leads to the most obscure diction, as when Miss Viola Taylor, in *The Story of Amaryllis* (Sidgwick and Jackson) lilt, "I kissed the poem of a sleeping fame." Affectation is to be discovered by the mere opening of her book. We take quite at random the following verse:

There was the courtier who was lightly fain  
To win his pastime with a honeyed voice;  
I was the pearl of his capricious choice:  
Long ere he wearied did I yield my reign,  
And when I left him he was grey with pain.

"Lightly fain" "honeyed voice," "pearl of his capricious choice," "grey with pain." How "echoey" are these phrases! We take up another one called *In Itinere* (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford), being poems by George Norton Northrop, and here we have the echo still more strikingly evident. When the poet writes of Walter Pater, "Upon the missal of high thoughts he wrought," or "High on the forehead of the reverend wall," then we know that he has studied the workers of previous centuries and imitated their lines, sometimes fairly, but often with an effect of burlesque, or at any rate of bathos. There is no form of contemporary verse so constantly and so villainously ill-used as the sonnet. In the language of the day it might be perfectly true to say that there is nothing so easily "faked" as the sonnet, and that some of the imitations are almost as good as the works of the elect. They remind us of those industrious persons at the Giant's Causeway who earn a livelihood by fabricating arrowheads that even experts can scarcely distinguish from those of the Ancient Britons. There is this difference, however, that they are not consciously dishonest. They have only a false idea of poetry, a much exaggerated sense of their own importance and poor ideals of craftsmanship.

It is very difficult to know what to say about the other poetry books lying before me. In these days many men and women possess a faculty for making verses correctly rhymed, and even for imparting a thin note of melody to them; but they never get beyond the easy trick of rhyming, and especially is this the case with the sonnet. We do not wonder at their failures, because every great sonneteer produced many poems of a very mediocre character. Even Wordsworth, who wrote one or two of the best sonnets in the language, often dropped into such commonplace that it is difficult to read him honestly; and the winnowing of that sort of criticism which will have nothing but the best leaves a very small sheaf behind it. The fault to be brought against the sonneteer of the present day is that his failure is monotonous. Never by any chance does he deviate into success. In this particular form of poem it has become a convention of the right sort that a clear, deep and rounded thought must find expression in fourteen lines of modelled and ordered verse. But the sort of man who contributes sonnets to the newspapers takes generally a very much lower view of his work than this. He will crowd anything and everything into his limited space, with the result that the sonnet in his hands loses the beauty with which it was imbued by Petrarch and his successors. If we wish to enforce these remarks

there is a little book at hand called *The Triple Crown* (Henry Frowde). It is described as a "book of English, Scotch, and Irish Verses for the age of six to sixteen," and it was compiled by children of that age. We can only compliment them on the discretion and good taste with which they have read. There are a few sudden contrasts, as when a beautiful poem, that has stood the test of centuries, is placed side by side with the work of a living poetaster. But young people can be heartily recommended to keep a book like this beside them. If they read and digest the best that is in this book, bits from Shakespeare and Wordsworth, Scott and Byron, they will form for themselves a standard by which they can test new work brought before them. I.

## THE LEADING REVIEWS FOR AUGUST.

### The Nineteenth Century.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, on the text furnished by the poet's centenary, delivers what is evidently meant as a final judgment on Tennyson's place among the Immortals. "Let us have done with cliques and schools and fads!" he exclaims. "If neither Browning nor Swinburne will hereafter take rank with Tennyson, surely no others of his contemporaries or successors will do so." It is a good article studded with epigrams such as (of Browning):

"A great poet does not bury profound ideas in cryptograms."

"All he (Meredith) had to say in poetry would have been more truly said in prose."

"Only in the decadence of a silver age could Swinburne be placed in a rank with Tennyson."

"Keats will always be to us a great 'Perhaps.'"

"Never trust a poet to judge a poet nor a painter to judge a picture."

Dr. E. J. Dillon's article on Great Britain and Russia is chiefly remarkable for the matter-of-fact way in which this profound student of foreign policy assumes the inevitability of a war with Germany. His weighty conclusion has these sentences: "In Germany . . . the strongest impulses and most fervent aspirations to-day are Imperial; in Great Britain they are impulses for sport and pleasure . . . in all the other states which are most favourably disposed towards us, despite brave assurances to the contrary, I notice a steady tendency to withdraw in good time from the sphere of the coming Anglo-German conflict, and leave us to deal with the enemy single-handed." Sir Edward Sullivan has a well-informed article on Francis Bacon as a poet. Mr. Pett Ridge, in his "Faults of the Londoner," plays the part of the candid friend, and tells the Cockney many home truths about himself. A very weighty contribution is that of the Rev. Charles J. Shedd on "Marriage Law in the Church of England."

### The National Review.

THE most striking fact about the belligerent *National* this month is that Fiscal Reform is not mentioned in the "Episodes of the Month," and no article is devoted to it, except one by Mr. A. Hobson, who, as might be expected, arrives at a conclusion adverse to Mr. Chamberlain's proposal. Incidentally, however, the subject is referred to in "The Burdened Landowner of England," by Frank Fox, and in the usual Canadian article. "The Emperor of To-morrow," described by André Mèvil, is Prince Franz Ferdinand, who to-morrow may be Francis II. He is alluded to as "a vigorous and taking personality." In 1900 he entered into a morganatic alliance with the Countess Chotek, who had previously been acting as companion to the Princess Isabella of Croy. The resulting situation is a little Gilbertian. By the Austrian Constitution the Heir-Presumptive is pledged both to exclude his wife from the Austrian throne and to bar the succession of their children. But Hungary, after due consideration, in 1900, repudiated the law governing the Hapsburg succession and recognised the regal rights of his wife and children. As the reviewer very truly says, it will be very awkward for the Queen of Hungary to be only a morganatic wife in Austria. At the end of a most interesting analysis of the Prince's character and possibilities the writer says of Prince Franz Ferdinand that if Austria continues to play second fiddle to Germany, "it is not extravagant to anticipate that he will cease to regard the compact between Bismarck and Andrassy as an eternal political dogma outside which there is no security for the Dual Monarchy." Another article full of information is that on Turkey by Sir J. Bampfylde Fuller. Two journals dated 1843 and 1844 supply material for "A Pioneer Colonist's Story," a dreary, yet vivid, account of a settler's voyage out to New Zealand, the horrors of the voyage and the difficulties of the life. Here is the writer's account of the early hardships in the Colony: "The labours and hardships of the first eighteen months after his arrival nearly brought my Grandfather to his grave, and though he recovered somewhat, he quickly drooped again under a burden far too heavy for him to bear. He—the cultivated, scholarly, University man—lacked, as he said, 'those common comforts which in England are enjoyed by the meanest peasant who can work.' His little girls went barefoot, and he himself had scarcely a sole to his single pair of shoes. For months together they lived 'entirely and exclusively' upon potatoes and boiled wheat, with roasted wheat for coffee. Fresh meat, sugar, milk, and tea were luxuries they never tasted, and often they could not afford coal or salt, nor even oil for the lamps." The characters in Mr. Bernard Holland's "Dialogue" are the Sea and the Moon and very beautifully they are made to talk. The composition is unusual alike in conception and working out.

### The English Review.

IT was rumoured that important changes might be expected to take place in the *English Review* for August; but they are not very remarkable. The chief one is that the magazine editorial takes up a position as an out-and-out supporter of Female Suffrage and of the Suffragists. As



far as we can see, this is the only real departure in the number. The quality, generally speaking, is improved. The portion devoted to modern poetry contains two strong contributions, one from Mr. Wilfred Wilson Gibson and another from Mr. Gerald Cumberland. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer begins a new novel under the title of "A Call." The material is not unpromising, but the writing exhibits a carelessness which we did not expect to see. The editorial blue pencil, wielded with discrimination, would transform the first page into a curious picture. The faults are those of wordiness and a profuseness in epithet. Instead of saying that "the simile was just," we get that phrase weakened into "the simile was a singularly just one." Mr. Hueffer should read his Fielding and his Swift more. His sentences remind us of George Eliot at her very worst. Mr. Henry James contributes a short story, and there are several others quite worthy of being printed in the new review. Professor Edward Browne writes an important article on "The Persian Crisis: Rebirth or Death." The following sentence will give a fair idea of the conclusion arrived at: "At the best the new Persian Parliament will be confronted with difficulties more formidable by far than those which the sister Parliament of Turkey has to face. Yet, if only the

moderately benevolent neutrality of Russia and England can be counted on, they believe that the Persians of the new birth—the *Khalq-i-bad*, or New Creation of the Bâbi Scriptures—have the wisdom, the prudence and the patriotism, as they undoubtedly have the genius, to raise their unhappy country to a position more worthy of its glorious past." He shows that the Persian question is one of the many intricate problems of the East which are awaiting solution. It will be good for the world if they are disposed of one at a time and do not lead to any simultaneous outbreak.

#### BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Avenging Children, by May E. Mann. (Methuen.)  
Mesmerism and Christian Science, by Frank Podmore. (Methuen.)  
The Castle by the Sea, by H. B. Marriott Watson. (Methuen.)  
Thomas Henry, by W. Pett Ridge. (Mills and Boon.)  
Midsummer Madness, by Maley Roberts. (Eveleigh Nash.)  
The Marquis Catilini, by Rowland Strong. (Greening.)  
The Bill Toppers, by André Castaigne. (Mills and Boon.)

## ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

#### EXCHANGING CLUBS.

**A**N old soldier, golfing friend of the writer, has been suggesting the application to golf clubs of the system of "exchange" familiar in regiments of the Army. If a man is in a certain regiment, quartered at a certain place, and thinks another man in another place in another regiment better off than himself, he will sometimes pay the latter a sum supposed to be the equivalent of his superior advantages and an exchange of regiments is then effected between them. My friend has the idea that a similar system of exchange might be applied to golf clubs. Thus, supposing that a man who had been living at Sandwich, and was moving his residence to St. Andrews, could find a St. Andrews man wishing to come and live at Sandwich, they might exchange clubs, always with the proviso that each was a man approved by the committee of his new club. As between the Royal and Ancient and the Royal St. George's, it would be invidious, no doubt, to say that the member of one had advantages superior to those that are the portion of the other, so that in this particular instance the exchange might be effected without any money passing. On the other hand, if one man came from St. Andrews and the other from the "snipey" green of Muir-Fraser-in-the-Marsh, it is conceivable that the former might expect a little cash to balance the exchange. The proper basis for regulating the finance of the affair would be, no doubt, the comparative value of entrance fee and subscription at the one place and the other. Probably the whole scheme is a little too ideal to be practical. Golf clubs, probably, are too local and exclusive for such an arrangement at present, though it is conceivable enough that it might be much to the convenience and economy of individual golfers to make such exchange. But the question of the comparative length of waiting list at the one club and the other, or the existence of a waiting list at one and its non-existence at the other, would complicate the difficulty of arriving at a really equitable arrangement. The exchange, too, would act prejudicially to the interests of those candidates who were on the waiting list, tending to delay their election. Finally, the objection, which would be put first most likely by clubs in want of money (the common state), is that such exchange would have the effect of doing both the one club and the other out of the entrance fee which they would have picked up had a member been newly elected to each instead of the exchange being arranged. The world, we fear, is hardly

as yet sufficiently perfect for this arrangement, admirable as it may be in theory.

#### NO ROBBERY.

The title of the foregoing note may, perchance, convey quite a different suggestion—as of one man playing with the clubs of another. It is curious how many golfers have the feeling when they handle the club of another man that they could play infinitely better with it than with their own. *Apropos* there is a golfing story so full of "the milk of human folly," as someone has called it, that it is, perhaps,

worth transcribing. It was the tale of a schoolboy who wanted 10s. very badly, but did not know on what asset or credit he could raise such a sum, the only stock-in-trade which he had available for barter being a second driver, which he did not use. He offered this driver, which was very much like any other of its kind, neither better nor worse, to many members of the golf club to which he was allowed access in virtue of his father's membership, but when such a sum as 10s. was mentioned as the price required for it, it was returned to him with thanks and some such comment as "I like your cheek." Then this boy (who, for his worldly wisdom and knowledge at an early age of that "milk of human folly" which has been mentioned, seemed likely to achieve greatness) repaired with his club to his friend the resident professional, a very noted player. He explained the hard case to him, adding that if he would be kind enough to put it in his bag and bring it out now and then to show to one or two of the long-handicapped players whom he was often retained to help round the course, one or other of them might soon be induced to give the 10s. which was so badly needed. The scheme succeeded beyond the dreams of avarice, for almost the first to whom the great professional showed it, being perhaps more fully equipped with money than with brains, eagerly offered a sovereign for it, and showed his admirable bargain to all his club-fellows with much pride, until it was at length revealed to him that this driver, which he had deemed so cheaply bought at a sovereign from the big man, was the very same which he had scorned when offered it for half the sum by the boy. As the boy remarked afterwards: "It only just shows."

#### THE MORAL OF THE STORY NOT QUITE A SIMPLE ONE.

The unfortunate part of the whole story is that very likely the man who bought the club from the professional was quite right in giving him a sovereign for it,



MR. LESLIE BALFOUR-MELVILLE.

and equally right in refusing to give 10s. for it to the boy. So much, in a club, depends on what we think we are going to do with it—our confidence in it. Of course the purchaser would have had no confidence at all that he was going to do any good with a club which he had bought from a schoolboy; but the idea that the great player had been handling it and that it had been thought worthy of a place in a champion's set was enough to make him believe it capable of doing big things, even in lesser hands. With that belief it is probable that he really would do much better with it than with a far superior club which did not carry confidence with it. But that is not the point of view in which you can expect the schoolboy to acquiesce very kindly. It is only likely to make the world seem more than ever like a great big practical joke wherein nothing but injustice is done. No doubt, however, it is the whole tendency of golf to foster that view; and, after all, when once adopted it saves a lot of disappointment.

#### THE "TELEGRAPH AND POST" CUP.

The tournament for the *Dundee Telegraph and Post* Cup, if it does not amount to an amateur championship of Scotland, at any rate gives an opportunity to many of those fine Scottish players, and particularly those of the artisan class, who cannot find time to enter for the amateur championship. There was a very good entry at St. Andrews last week, and the East of Scotland was well represented, but there were missing some of the great players from the West—Mr. Andrew, Mr. Robb and Mr. Gordon Lockhart, for instance. Neither did we notice the name of Mr. Whitecross, nor those of the Dornoch contingent which made so successful a pilgrimage from the far North to Muirfield. One of the most famous St. Andrews players competing was Mr. W. Greig, no longer in his first youth, but still a very formidable antagonist; he was for years a tower of strength to the St. Andrews Club in their team matches and one of the very best wielders of the wooden putter. Mr. Greig had a most thrilling match with Mr. Archibald, whom he finally defeated on the twenty-fourth green. After this gruelling in the morning he had another hard-won triumph by one hole in the afternoon, but met his master next day in Mr. Hackney of Carnoustie. The final ultimately lay between another Carnoustie player, Mr. Scroggie, and Mr. Burnett, one of the best of the St. Andrews University players. Mr. Scroggie has won the competition twice before and won it again after a hard match by one hole; he is without doubt a very fine player. What a host of good golfers Scotland has got that England would be only too glad of when it comes to the agonising business of team selecting.

#### ONE OVER.

Four into five goes once and one over, so we learn in arithmetic. Five players tied for the last four places in the qualifying round of the Southern Section for the *News of the World* Tournament, and the question as to who

should be the unfortunate one over was decided at Fulwell last week. It proved to be Guard, the young assistant from Mid-Surrey, which is, perhaps, rather a pity; it is always pleasant to see quite a new player get another chance of distinguishing himself, and Guard is a particularly interesting golfer in that he is extremely good, although extremely small. Vardon played first in the morning and made his situation as secure as it ought to be with a fine 72. The other four had been summoned to play in the afternoon, and on general principles the wisdom seems questionable of letting people play off at different times of day. As it turned out, a merely threatening morning turned into a downright soaking afternoon, and this too frequent incident of our climate might certainly work injustice. Butchart made a brilliant start and soon made himself, barring accidents, secure; he needed a three at the eighteenth to equal Vardon's score, but a mishap in a pond made his round 74. Johns and Carter playing together had a great struggle, each one in all probability keenly conscious that if he could beat the other he must needs be safe. Johns lost two strokes in the first three holes, but afterwards played very accurately, and finished one stroke in front of Carter with a 75, while Guard took 78; good, steady scoring all round.

#### A TANGLE OF NUMBERS.

Mr. Kinloch was lamenting the other day in a contemporary that the young barbarians at play at St. Andrews are ceasing to call the holes and bunkers by their hallowed and traditional names and allude to them by mere numerals—an exceedingly lamentable state of affairs. Apart from all sentiment, names fix the holes definitely in one's head, whereas numbers, when they get into the teens, are difficult to distinguish. The most dreadful thing that can happen is for a course to get turned, so to speak, upside down, so that, without any names to help, one has to unlearn all the old numbers laboriously acquired. Rye is a case in point. The course is divided into two rounds of nine holes, which both, roughly speaking, begin and end at the club-house; there is no particular reason why one should be played before the other. When golf first began there the first tee was much where it is now, at the back of the Royal William Inn (irreverently called the "Billy"), and the eighteenth tee was immediately in front of a vast and formidable bunker, rendered the more horrible by black boards. Then some kind-hearted persons conceived that this was too terrible a hole for the last. "Think," they said, in effect, "of the poor wretch who, having done a splendid medal round for seventeen holes, gets so far only to ruin himself irretrievably at the last." Thereupon the holes were all shifted round, the first became the tenth and that dreaded eighteenth became the ninth, so that one could quietly ruin one's score halfway round. With infinite trouble the new numbers were learned and became gradually familiar, when the argument as to ruining scores was very properly declared to be all rubbish, and the old order was considered more convenient and duly restored. Now if one is not very familiar with Rye, one has to stop and think deeply before alluding to any given hole. One more change would infallibly bring on insanity.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### MEDICAL INSPECTION OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think your valuable paper would be doing a very good service to many people in the country if it could give space for publication of the following hard case—no doubt not a singular one, but only typical of many of its kind—occurring under the recent legislation for the compulsory medical inspection of children in village schools. The case is that of a widow, in such poor circumstances that she could not exist if her rent was not paid for her by charity, with five young children, of whom one, being examined medically, was reported to be suffering from astigmatism so badly that the medical officer ordered her a pair of spectacles, price 7s. 6d. Now the cottage occupied by this widow is about two miles from a station, and the nearest optician is in a town at a distance of some ten miles. The woman, who could just manage to keep herself and her children alive from week to week on the scanty earnings she could make, helped out by such charity as she could obtain, had no means at all of getting the requisite 7s. 6d., to say nothing of the railway fare. Yet the possible penalty for neglecting performance of this impossibility was no less obviously an impossibility for her to pay.—H.

### EARWIGS IN THE HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers kindly tell me how to suppress earwigs in my house? They apparently come from the floors at night and are found chiefly on the white paint of the walls and doors, even in the bedrooms. The house is a new one and has no creepers, but was standing half-built for some months.—H. C. L.

### WELSH BIRD NAMES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with interest the article in the Summer Number of *COUNTRY LIFE* on "Local Bird Names." Your contributor says therein, speaking of the wren, "Why it should be commonly called 'cutty' in South Wales we do not know." Will you allow me to inform you, and through you your contributor, that "cwitta" is a Welsh word meaning little, or stumpy, of which "cutty" is a corruption. Its applicability to the wren or other small bird is obvious. I would also add that *eligig* is a Pembrokeshire name for the guillemot, from the Welsh name of the bird, *chwilog*.—ERNEST S. SAURIN.

### THE AMERICAN WONDERBERRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some time ago an advertisement appeared in your excellent paper of the "American Wonderberry." It was one of Burbank's creations, and was announced as such. It was advertised as a decorative and useful plant, that in any climate or any soil would in three months from sowing produce

delicious fruit, by a New York firm. I secured a packet of seed, but an unfortunate accident to my seed-pan caused the result that very late and few plants grew. I should say that soon after the seeds arrived I received a catalogue from the firm. The outside cover and the first few pages were full of eulogiums concerning the wonderberry or sunberry. I carefully looked after my seedlings and gave a few to a friend. Some days ago, however, this friend brought me a gardening paper in which appeared an article on this wonderful wonderberry. It is there stated that experts agree it is nothing more than a *solanum*, the berries of which are poisonous, and advise those who have plants of it to immediately burn them. They regret, too, that their advertisement columns were used for such a common weed. I wonder if other readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* speculated in this American marvel! I should like to hear what they think. I regret I have no fruit yet, otherwise I would forward you a sample.—R. H. TYLER.

### FEEDING KINKAJOUS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be much obliged if any of your readers can give me some hints as to the treatment of kinkajous, or honey-bears. I have a pair of these little animals, and have kept them in good health since last September on a diet of bananas, apples, white grapes and milk puddings; also dates, jam and honey as treats. I hoped when the summer came to be able to give them more variety of fruit and green food; but they do not seem to care for strawberries and other summer fruits, and I cannot find any green food that they will eat. I should be glad if anyone else who may have kept animals of this sort would let me know of any other food that they would enjoy. They are very fond of sparrows' eggs, but, of course, I cannot often give them any. They are such sweet little amusing beasts and so tame and pretty that I am very anxious to keep them in good health for the longest period possible; and, as I cannot find anyone else who knows anything about them, I have to gain my own experience as to what suits them.—M. A. SANDERSON.

### MORE LION CUBS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps readers of my article in *COUNTRY LIFE* last week may be interested in the photograph of two other lion cubs which were brought to us by some Somalis, who had found them in the bush near the wells of Gelcili in the west corner of British Somaliland. They must have been about five weeks old, and were quite tame with the Somalis, but did not much like the appearance of the white man. They showed great objection to the sun, and made a bee-line for the shade at every opportunity. The Somalis were anxious to sell them to us. I imagine the price would have been about £1 each, but we refused, as we did not want to be saddled with live lions, and also were afraid that the joltings of the camels on which they would have to be carried



would curdle the milk inside them. This, I believe, is a very common cause of death among young animals. In last week's paper an account was given of how we ultimately did get saddled with lions after all, and which survived all the troubles of transit and became a source of great amusement and interest. These cubs were taken to Jigjiga in Abyssinia, where the Governor bought them. The natives have a superstition that cubs always die unless they have a hyena close to them. In this case the Governor had a young hyena in the next cage. The Abyssinians have a very exaggerated idea of the value of lions, and Somalis finding them can always, failing an Englishman, dispose of them to the Abyssinians.—F. RUSSELL ROBERTS

#### AN INGENIOUS SUGGESTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Now that the thoughts of many are turning to the seaside and moorland, it may be of interest to bring to the notice of your readers a new form of telescope I have lately made. You take an object glass of, say, 20in. focus with suitable tubes, and instead of the usual eye-lenses and erector use one of Watson's small "pencil" telescopes, a complete little glass in itself of 10 or 12 diameters. By this arrangement you can vary the power of the resulting telescope from 10 or 12 to about 30 diameters by merely drawing out the main tubes and pushing in the tubes of the small telescope, thus without any trouble of unscrewing having a large field and low power, or *vice versa*. No light is lost in the change from the low to the high power. Of course, by using a larger o.g. than 20in. focus, you can get a higher power. In my own instrument the o.g. is 13½in. focus and the range of power 8 to 21, the length of glass being 9in. at the lower and 18in. at the higher power. Such a telescope is very useful for varying atmospheric conditions, as in a wind you can use the steadier low power and large field, and in clear weather, or with a convenient support, the higher powers. You can also use it as a powerful magnifying glass for examining insects, without disturbing them, at a distance of a yard or two, thus magnifying an ant at work and see it as big as if it was only an inch or two from your eye—a very interesting way of studying small insects under natural conditions. If required detach the small "pencil" telescope and use it by itself; it will go into a waistcoat pocket. Messrs. Watson, 313, High Holborn, will be glad to show the telescope to anyone requiring further information on the subject. One of these glasses was submitted for inspection to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who kindly expressed himself as "much interested in it." For use at sea it is an advantage to be able to use a low power and large field to sweep the horizon, and you can easily convert it to a high power in two or three seconds, or any intermediate power. In deer-stalking and moorland shooting also it would be useful. The ordinary high-power telescope of 36in. length is awkward to use, whereas in this form you can shorten it when needed to about 20in., using the full length and power only on convenient occasions; hence it is equal to carrying about two telescopes in one.—THEODORE BLATHWAYT.

[The underlying principles of this arrangement exist in telescopes having what is called a pancratic eyepiece, by means of which magnification may be increased or diminished. Our correspondent's ingenious suggestion offers scope to those of a mechanical bent for constructing a powerful telescope from inexpensive material, provided always that they succeed in making the axis of the object glass and small subsidiary telescope coincide.—Ed.]

#### USE OF COPPER SULPHATE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—If any of your readers wish to obtain a complete account of the action of copper sulphate in freeing water from algae, they should refer to two bulletins of the American Plant Bureau, Nos. 64 and 76. They contain a description of a series of elaborate experiments with all species of algae. The resistant power of these plants varies very much. For example, *spirogyra* is killed by one in 25,000,000 of copper sulphate, while, at the other end of the scale, some species resist one in 200,000. The method has been successfully used in America for freeing town water reservoirs from algae. The method of application recommended is to tie the sulphate in a bag of coarse cloth, and tow it over the surface of the water behind a boat. The bulletins contain an account of one successful application to a lily pond,

and another to watercress beds. As regards fish, care seems necessary. In one recorded case one in 1,000,000 proved fatal to gold-fish; but it should be noted that the method of application described must result in an extremely strong (though temporary) solution in the surface layers of the water. In view of the fact that *spirogyra*, a very common species, is destroyed by one in 25,000,000, I should recommend that, to begin with, a strength of one in 10,000,000 should be tried, and that if, unsuccessful, the strength should be gradually increased.—A. B. B.

[As was pointed out two years ago in our columns, when dealing at length with the first of the bulletins referred to by our correspondent, many of our English lakes contain fish; and even if fish-life is not injured, much of the insect-life on the weed on which they feed must be destroyed.—Ed.]



#### THE STORY OF SNOOKER (A FACT).

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Snooker was a pig, one of a large family; his brothers and sisters seemed to thrive, but poor Snooker did not grow. So it happened that Snooker was brought into the house and put in a hamper in the drawing-room. I undertook to look after him and feed him with a bottle of milk and water. When it was time to go to bed he was carried up in his hamper to my bedroom. At twelve o'clock he woke me, and I gave him his bottle. Again at 2.45 I heard grunts from Snooker. I sprang from my bed, and found on opening the hamper poor Snooker very cold, lying on his back nearly dead. I at once carried him in his hamper down to my sister's room. My progress was slow, as (I slept in an attic at the top of the house) I had to turn on the electric light as I went. On arriving at my sister's room I flung the door open; my sister woke her husband with great difficulty. Snooker was inspected, the verdict being that he was to be taken to the bathroom, where he was to be placed on the cylinder. The procession started amid the low grunts of Snooker. He was carefully placed on the hot cylinder surrounded by hot bottles. For an hour we sat with him. He slowly regained his warmth, and, having placed him once more in his hamper with a hot bottle, we retired to bed, hoping he would be alive in the morning. Arriving downstairs for breakfast, Snooker was put in front of the fire—better, but so weak he could not stand, and could only be fed with a teaspoonful of brandy and milk. He soon made steady progress, and in a few days was able to run about. Then he was put into a foster-mother with a lamp in the garden. He was a very clever pig. He knew the rattle of his bottle, which was a soda-water bottle, and he followed whoever fed him round the garden. Soon the lamp in the foster-mother was left off, Snooker was promoted to a basin of bread and milk, and, having been let out of his home, he would come running to the dining-room window for his food. On finishing his meal he would turn his basin upside down and trot back to his bed. Alas! his life was not to be long. I had left my sister's, and one morning received a letter from her to say poor Snooker was very ill with a chill. In less than a week he died; so ended the short and tragic life of Snooker.—M. HICKS BRACH.

#### WEED-CUTTING ON A TROUT STREAM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows weed-cutting in process on a trout stream. It is a cold job in the early days of the season, but necessary if the water is to be fishable through June. A second cutting is necessary before the end of the season; and though some may deplore the destruction of so much trout food and cover, yet it is clear there must be some open water on which to drop a fly.—H.



#### ST. SWITHIN'S DAY.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In your "Country Notes" for July 24th you say that St. Swithin is endangering his reputation by this terrible spell of weather since July 15th; but I think you must have overlooked the weather records for the day in question, as I think you will find

that a considerable amount of rain fell on the 15th. I know that here, in Kensington, it began to pour directly after midnight of the 14th-15th, and it certainly was also raining at 5.30 a.m. on the 15th, and looked as if it had been raining for the previous five hours. Probably the "Rainy Saint" has been trying to "save his face" by only raining when most people were not about.—J. T.